

OVR CONTINENT

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AFTER THE SALE.

THE wagon, with high fantastic load
Of household goods, is at the gate ;
The shadows darken down the road ;
Why does the old man wait ?
Bureau, bedstead, rocking-chair,
Upturned table with heels in air—
Whatever the grudging fates would spare,
Lies huddled and heaped and tumbled there,
A melancholy freight !

"Of all his riches," the teamster said,
"Now only this precious pile remains !
A blanket and bed for his old gray head,
For all his life-long pains.
Hard case, I own ! but they say that Pride
Must have a fall." His ropes he tied
In the chill March wind. "Hurry up !" he cried,
And gathered in the reins.

The old wife bows her stricken face
On the doorstone, weary and worn and gray.
The old man lingers about the place,
Taking a last survey ;
Looks in once more at the great barn door,
On the empty mow and the vacant floor :
All the gains of his life have gone before,
And why should he care to stay ?

Only a stool with a broken leg
Is left, and a bucket without a bail.
The harness is gone from hook and peg,
Even the whip from its nail :
Dreary shadows hang from the wall,
No friendly whinny from shed or stall,
Nor un milked heifer's welcoming call ;
The poultry and pigs have vanished, all
Swept out by the sheriff's sale.

Back to the dooryard well he goes
 For a parting look, a farewell drink.
 How drippingly that bucket rose
 And poised for him on the brink
 In the summers gone, and plashed his feet
 When the men came in from the harvest heat!
 How blessedly cool the draught, how sweet,
 'Tis misery now to think.

What scenes of peaceful, prosperous life
 Once filled the yard, so desolate now!
 When he often would say to his pleased, proud wife,
 That the farm appeared, somehow,
 More thrifty and cheery than other men's,
 With its cattle in pasture and swine in pens,
 Bleating of lambs and cackle of hens,
 And well-stored crib and mow.

The early years of their proud success,
 The years of failure and mutual blame,
 Are past, with the toil that was happiness,
 And the strife that was sorrow and shame.
 She came to him hopeful and strong and fair—
 Now who is the sad wraith sitting there,
 With her burden of grief and her old thin hair—
 Bowed over her feeble frame?

"Do you remember? This well," he said,
 "Was sunk that summer when Jane was born.
 She used to stand in the old house-shed
 And blow the dinner-horn
 In after years,—or climb a rail
 Of the dooryard fence for a cheery hail—
 Then run to the curb for a brimming pail,
 When I came up from the corn."

Why think of her now? against whose name
 His lips and heart long since were sealed;
 Whose memory in their lives became
 A sorrow that never has healed.
 Her step is on the creaking stair,
 Her girlish image is everywhere!
 He hears her laughter, he sees her hair
 Blow back in the wind, as she comes to bear
 His luncheon to the field.

"'Twas a terrible wrong!" The old wife spoke,
 Swaying her gaunt frame to and fro.
 "I'll say it now!" Her strained voice broke
 Into a wail of woe.
 "It haunts me awake, it haunts me asleep!
 And silence has been so hard to keep—
 So long!—But there is a grief too deep
 For ever a man to know!"

A quaver of anguish shook his tone,
 His look was pierced with a keen remorse;
 "The blame, I suppose, was all my own;
 And I have no heart, of course!



Great Heaven! nor any grief to hide!"
 Lifting his gloomy hat aside,
 He looked up, haggard and hollow-eyed,
 Like one whose burning soul had dried
 His tears at their very source.

"No, no! I don't mean that," she wept,
 "I've felt you suffering many a day,
 And often at night when you thought I slept,
 And when I have heard you pray,
 Until it seemed that my heart would burst.
 And as for the blame, you know, at first,
 I claimed you were right and did my worst
 To force her to obey.

"For the dream of our lives had been to make
 Our Jane a lady fit for a lord;
 Our schemes were all for our children's sake,
 And it seemed a cruel reward
 To see her with careless scorn refuse—
 For all the arguments we could use—
 The men you most approved, and choose
 The one you most abhorred.

"But when she had chosen and all was done,
 You needn't have been so hard and stern;
 We might have forgiven the poor dear one,
 And welcomed her return.
 You never could know what she was to me,
 You never will know how I yearn to see
 My child again—how homesickly
 I yearn, and yearn, and yearn!"

"She chose for herself, and who can tell?
 She braved your will, it's true, and yet
 She may, for all that, have chosen well.
 And how can we forget?
 We chose for Alice, and unawares
 Rushed with her into a rich man's snares,
 Who tangled us up in his loose affairs,
 And dragged us down with debt."

"Well, well!"—with a heavy sigh—"Let's go!
 I haven't been always wise. Ah, Jane!
 Some things might not be done just so,
 If they were to do again.
 But Alice is dead and the farm is gone;
 Our hopes, and all that we built them on,
 Friends, wealth, are scattered hither and yon,
 And only ourselves remain."

"These boughs will blossom and fruits will fall
 The same! When I changed the orchard lot
 And fenced it all with good stone wall,
 And planned the garden plot,
 And built the arbor and planted trees,
 And made a home for our pride and ease,
 We little thought these were all to please
 Strangers who knew us not!"

"Others will reap where we have sown;
 But others never can understand
 What watchful care these fields have known,
 Or how I loved the land.
 Here maids will marry and babes be born,
 The sun will shine on the wheat and corn,
 Crops be gathered and sheep be shorn,
 But by a stranger's hand."

"Come, wife!" With bitterest vain regret,
 Remembering all good things that were,
 The old man yet can half forget
 His woes, in pity of her.
 She entered, a young man's happy bride,
 She crowned his home with hope and pride,
 And now goes forth by an old man's side,
 A weary wanderer."

With slow, disconsolate, broken talk,
 They look their last and pass the gate;
 The wagon is gone and they must walk
 A mile, and it's growing late.
 She bears a parcel, he lifts a pack,
 But what do they see there, up the track,
 Against the sunset, looming black?
 'Tis strange! the wagon is coming back,
 With its melancholy freight."

And what is the driver shrieking out?
 Now Heaven, for a moment, keep them sane!
 "Turn about! turn about!" they hear him shout,
 As he flourishes whip and rein—
 "You've a home and a good friend yet, you'll find!"
 A coach is following close behind;
 A face—a voice—Oh, Heaven be kind!
 Oh, lips that tremble and tears that blind!
 Oh, breaking hearts! IT'S JANE!

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

BY-PATHS OF TUSCANY.

RAILWAYS have done for the most charming rural districts of Italy what they have done for like regions in the rest of the world. That is to say, they have carried the hurrying public past much that is pleasant to see and hear. Places that claimed their share of attention in the days of the *diligence* are now forgotten or visited only by those wise ones who, with knapsack on back and walking-stick in hand, see the country and its riches without being tied down to the inexorable figures of a time-table. True the "vetturino" still exists, but there is such a world of complicated contracts to be signed and arrangements to be made before the trip can thus be undertaken that one's courage may well fail at the prospect. These obstacles are, however, less formidable than they were, and if one is tolerably familiar

with the language, or has a good and trustworthy courier, they may easily be overcome.

To make the trip across ancient Tuscany is something of an undertaking, but it will bring to light many an old monastery, many a *palazzo*, and not a few works of art, which are hardly named, if at all, in the guide-books.

The accompanying descriptions, sketches and reproductions of photographs indicate how interesting are the relics of by-gone days which there abound. From Sienna the Convent Monte Oliveto is distant a little more than twenty miles, and, although this is not the nearest railway station, it is preferred by many on account of its superior—the term is used comparatively—accommodations. San Giovanni d'Asso is nearer and



CONVENT OF MONTE OLIVETO.

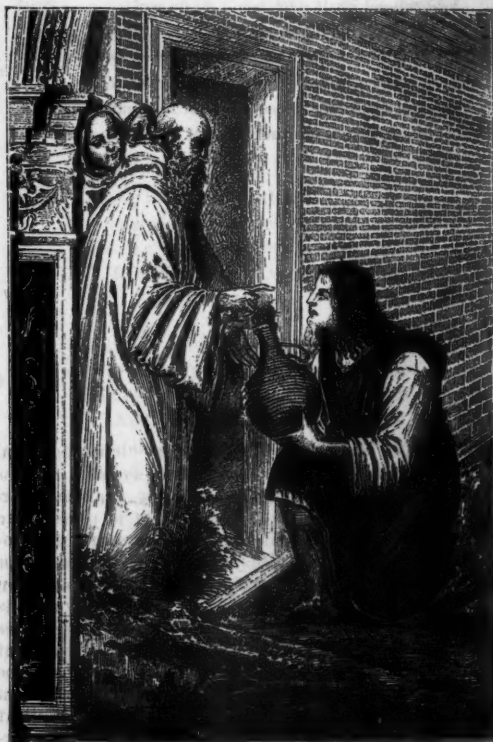
within a two or three hours' walk—or a shorter drive, provided the horses recognize trotting as a possible gait—of the famous Abbey.

The ascent of Monte Oliveto is somewhat formidable in the eyes of local drivers, but it can be effected by firmness on the part of the traveler—the driver's opinion is untrustworthy.

It is more than probable that you will find yourself before the portals of the Abbey toward the close of the day, and as your vehicle rattles away, leaving you to pound upon the unyielding door, you may be pardoned for a feeling of lonesomeness, for the great mass of buildings stands in the midst of a solitude. If you keep on pounding, however, one of the two or three inhabitants of the enormous pile will eventually make his appearance, and you will be welcomed to such accommodations as the Abbey affords—namely, spacious sleeping apartments, which your fancy may people with all sorts of ghostly visitants, and frugal fare.

The Monastery of Monte Oliveto, according to the historian of the Order, Father Gregory R. Thomas, was founded in 1313, by Bernard Tolomei, a son of an illustrious Siennese family. During a prolonged illness Bernard made a vow to renounce the world and lead a life of penitence. Two of his companions, Ambroise Piccolomini and Patrice Patrizzi, were persuaded to join him, and the three established themselves in what was regarded as a desert, excavating grottoes in the clayey earth and constructing on the hillside a little oratory after the manner of hermits in all ages.

In 1319 the number of Bernard's followers had so increased that some jealousy was aroused at the Papal Court, and Jean XXII ordered an investigation, which satisfied him of the good intentions of the devotees, and they were forthwith endowed with the rights and privileges of an established order.



THE WINE-OFFERING—SODOMA.

The discipline was very severe. Silence was enjoined; wine and luxuries were prohibited; but, in spite of all, the Order grew, and in 1650 numbered ninety-one dependencies. The Monasteries were suppressed in 1810 by a decree of Napoleon I, and re-established, or, at least, permitted partly to resume their functions in 1815, after which time, to a very considerable extent, their glory was restored, until the law of 1866 cut short all hopes of permanence, and Monte Oliveto, with its treasures, was formally declared a National Monument, and was turned over to the Commissioners of the Fine Arts of Sienna.

The first conspicuous architectural feature to strike the attention is the citadel, which was at the same time intended to serve as a hospital and as a dormitory for transient visitors. This building is of large dimensions, built of brick, and was begun in 1393, but not finished until the sixteenth century. Two interesting works of art attract the attention at once, namely, a sculpture in enamel, "The Throned Virgin" and "Michael the Archangel." The first of these is illustrated herewith. The Virgin is seen enthroned with the infant Jesus on her knees and flying angels bearing her crown overhead. The figures are graceful and the expressions of the faces gentle and tender. Although the use of strong yellow tones proves that the noble simplicity of Della Robbia had at the time of the execution of this work given place to a search after picturesque effects, still the work is worthy of Soddoma, to whose genius Monte Oliveto owes so much of its celebrity.

It is, however, to the paintings of the ancient monastery that one must turn to realize the true rarity of these artistic treasures. The principal cloister, destined to hold the works of two masters, is one of the oldest parts of the structure, and if it has not the severe gravity in style of the Middle Ages, it has not a little of the elegance of the renaissance. There are, almost of course, numerous restorations, but upon the whole the pile has a certain impressive grandeur of effect.

The decoration was begun by Signorelli, but given up by him and continued by Giovanni Antonio Bazzi, surnamed Soddoma, a pupil of Leonardo da Vinci, or, if not a pupil, trained at least in the methods of his school. He established himself at Sienna in 1501, and was intrusted five years later with the decoration of the cloisters at Monte Oliveto.

Signorelli had undertaken a series of frescoes illustrating the life and acts of Saint Benoît, the patron of Monte Oliveto. The completion of this series naturally fell to Soddoma. Of the score of pictures comprising the series there is no space to speak, but one of the most notable is reproduced on page 196. It represents a young man offering a flask of wine to the saint, kneeling the while. It is not altogether clear

whether the saint is pleased or not with the offering, but the latter supposition is to be inferred from the succeeding panel, wherein the youth proceeds to decant the liquor, when a serpent of portentous mien issues from the flask, to the confusion of all wine drinkers. The frescoes are very uneven in quality, admirable examples being found side by side with others by no means so attractive. Still, the Cloisters of Monte Oliveto afford a most interesting study for the lover of early art.

Another ancient city of Tuscany is Pienza, which may be reached from Sienna by diligence or by private conveyance. The route consumes some seven hours. The old city has, of course, its "corso," or high street, its fortified gates and other architectural relics of mediæval times, but it is to the Piccolomini Palace and the Cathedral that tourists turn as the main shrines of their pilgrimage. A view of the loggia of this fine old palace will be found on page 199. The palace has fallen considerably into ruins, but there is still enough left of its interior decoration to well repay a visit from artist or amateur.

From Pienza to Montepulciano is a journey of little more than two hours by carriage. Indeed, the latter place may conveniently be visited first, should the tourist so elect. The road lies through a rich and fruitful country, contrasting strongly with the rugged scenery which surrounds many places of interest in Tuscany.



THE THRONED VIRGIN. TERRA COTTA OF THE DELLA ROBBIAS SCHOOL.



A STREET IN AREZZO.

In approaching the place the beautiful Church of the Madonna de Saint Blaise is one of the first objects to fix the attention. Farther on is Montepulciano itself at the foot of a lovely lake and surrounded by verdure-clad hills. The "Place Victor Emmanuel," as it is now called, occupies the summit of the hill on which the city stands, and is surrounded by the principal buildings, which have especial interest for the traveler. These are the Préture, the Contucci Palace, the Tarugi Palace, the Hôtel de Ville and the Cathedral. This last is in many respects unfinished, but its interior affords some fine examples of sculpture. Among these may be mentioned the tomb of Bartolomeo Argazzi, which was for a long time ascribed to Donatello, but which is now generally recognized as that of Michelozzo, executed under Donatello's direction about 1427-29. It is a fine example of the spirit which pervaded the art of the time. The Church of the Madonna de Saint Blaise should be visited without fail, as it is the work of Antonio da San Gallo the elder, and, with its presbytery

near by, forms an architectural pile of great interest and beauty.

The cities thus far mentioned are located in the mountains, but the plains, too, have their attractions, among which Arezzo holds a chief place. It lies in a level plain bordered by mountains, and the railway passes near its gates, hidden from view, however, by a screen of trees. Notwithstanding its comparative accessibility the great tide of travel passes by it on the way from Florence to Rome. On the piazza are the fine old Church of Santa Maria della Pieve and the Pretorian Palace, now used as a prison. Both these buildings are rich in carvings, and the façade of the palazzo, the loggie of Vasari and the statue of the Grand Duke of Tuscany make this piazza one of the most noteworthy of the lesser Italian cities.

Old as these regions are, and persistently as they have been studied by able and careful travelers, there is still much of value that has been overlooked, and much that remains to be recorded and described for the benefit of art. This basin of the Arno, for instance, with the cities which form, as it were, a setting of jewels for its lovely meadows, still contains ample material for the discoverer. One needs but to seek and he will find, even in countries which it would seem had been completely exhausted, so far as artistic "finds" are concerned, by successive generations of visitors. It is surprising how few travelers will take the trouble to break their journey for a place that is not mentioned or made much of in the guide-books. Here, for instance, is Asciano, which is not mentioned at all in a recent edition of a well-known and excellent guide-book, though some account of it may have been added since.

It is situated in a low valley amidst a wonderful confusion of hills. In size it is something of a nondescript, ranging between a small city and a large town, and having in the neighborhood of seven thousand inhabitants. Indeed one can hardly blame the guide-books for ignoring its existence, for its situation has none of the natural features which go to make a popular resort. Nevertheless its churches contain a certain number of works of art which have recently been brought to light through a photographer of Sienna. In the Church of Saint Augustin is a Madonna painted by Domenico di Bartolo in 1437. In the Cathedral is an "Ascension" by Giovanni di Paolo, and "The Birth of the Virgin" by Sassetta. In Saint Francis are a series of frescoes attributed to a local artist, Giovanni d'Asciano, illustrating the Passion of our Lord. This artist lived in the fourteenth century, about the time of Barna da Sienna, and was perhaps a pupil of his. Here also is a bas-relief of the school of Della Robbia, and finally a Madonna attributed to Leppo Memmi.



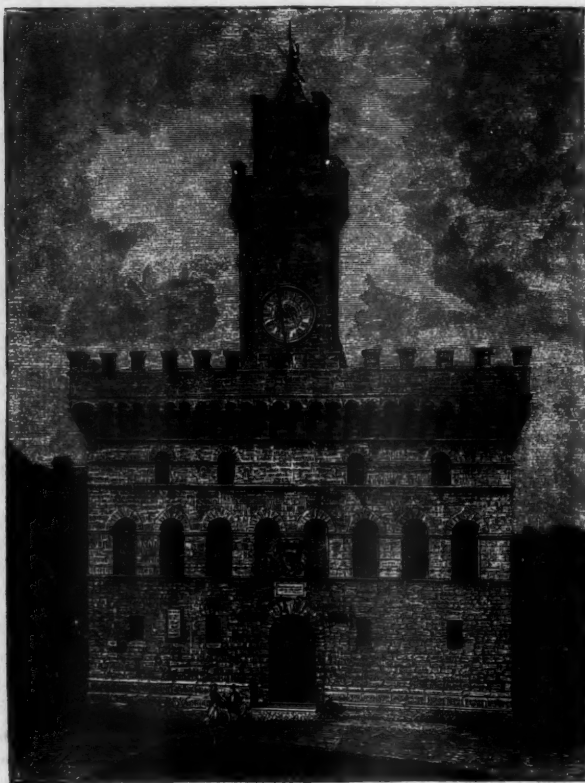
BAS-RELIEF BY MICHELOZZO AT MONTEPULCIANO.

Thanks to a happy combination of circumstances, the material prosperity of these regions has to a remarkable degree coincided with progress in art. Instead of secu-

ring work characteristic of a period of decadence, as is the case with many of the better-known repositories, such as Turin, Genoa, Naples and the like—it would be



LOGGIA OF THE PICCOLOMINI PALACE AT PIENZA.



THE MUNICIPAL PALACE OF MONTEPULCIANO.

easy to name a score of other cities scattered over Italy and the rest of Europe—the custodians of churches and palaces in Tuscany seem to have entrusted the work of decoration to artists who came from the school of Florence on the one hand and of Sienna on the other, and they seem to have escaped the accumulation of comparatively worthless material, such as covers so much space in many famous buildings.

As was intimated in the beginning of this paper, there are sundry inconveniences inseparable from such a trip as this, and too many European tourists can see nothing attractive in subjecting themselves to any conditions which involve the abjuration of first-class accommodations in every respect. There are those, however, in all countries who take a robust pride in triumphing over difficulties, who delight in reducing their impedimenta to the compass of a satchel or a knapsack, and who are therefore free to go where angels with Saratoga trunks fear to tread. To these adventurous spirits the world of unexplored European art is open. If the dreadful word "brigand" is whispered in connection with the remote regions of Italy it may be said that there is small danger, provided you are not an English duke in disguise or a notorious "bondholder." Brigandage has woefully declined in Italy since the country became free. If you would find the Italian brigand look for him in New York, not amid the hills of Tuscany.

EDWARD COGSWELL.

WORSHIP IN THE WOODS.

How rich the embroidered carpet spread,
On either side the common way;
Azure and purple, gold and red,
Russet and white, and green and gray,
With shades between,
Woven with light in looms unseen.

The dandelion's disk of gold,
With lustre decks the meadows green,
And multiplied a million fold,
The daisy lights the verdant scene;
The blue mint's plumes
Invite the bees to their perfumes.

A wrinkled ribbon seems the road,
Unspooled from silent hills afar;
Rest, like an angel, lifts the load
And in my path lets down the bar,
And here it brings
A lease of life on healing wings.

The summer leisure of the cloud
That wanders with its trumpeter,
The wind, is mine; no wrangling crowd
Annoys the humble worshiper
In the white tent
Beneath a listening firmament.

Up-floating on the ambient air,
Sweet songs of sacred music rise,
And now a voice distinct in prayer,
Like the lark's hymn, reaches the skies,
And the "Amen"
Is echoed from the hills and glen.

The wood a vast cathedral seems,
Its dome the over-arching sky;
The light, through trembling branches, streams
From open windows lifted high;
Under the firs
Soft shadows shield the worshipers.

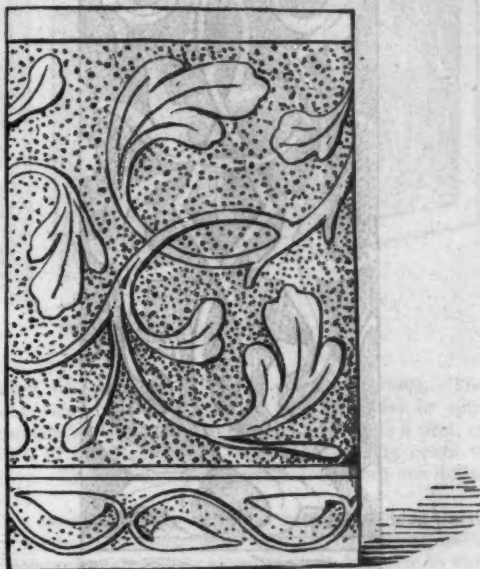
GEORGE W. BUNGAT.

THE REDEMPTION OF THE TIN CAN.

WHEN any one has a slight knowledge of drawing, or even the faculty of selecting and simply tracing patterns, it is an easy matter to adorn a house cheaply and tastefully, or to make many objects which will meet with a ready sale. For many years I have made a study of adapting to the use of the decorative arts objects which have been generally wasted, and I am now almost convinced that there is hardly anything which is not to be turned to account. Nature, strangely enough, always gives two useful qualities to everything. The ox is not only a yielder of flesh, but his skin provides leather. The sheep gives mutton and wool; the tree fruit and wood. And, following up this thought, we may find that there are minor and secondary uses in almost all that man rejects. In Roman days the seaweed was called by Terence *vilis alga*—the worthless—but now it has a double value as manure and for iodine. And, to come to a practical illustration, let me show what can be done with the tin cans which are to be found on every lot around every town and indeed where ever man has been.

Most people know that leather of any kind if soaked for some time in warm water becomes very soft indeed. In this state it may be worked almost like putty or paste. When it dries it becomes hard again, retaining any marks which have been impressed on it. If soaked in alum water it becomes still harder. Now, if we take a sheet of leather, soaked and soft and draw upon it a pattern, and then indent the background of this pattern

with a stamp or punch, the pattern will, of course, be in relief, while the background is depressed a little, and if the stamp be rough, it will be corrugated. That is



TIN CAN DECORATED.



CAN WITH WOODEN OR LEATHER HANDLE AND BASE.

to say, it will bear a close resemblance to any ordinary panel-carving in wood, the ground of which is generally indented so as to make a dark relief to the shining and elevated pattern.

The tools needed for this work are few, cheap and simple. It may be even elegantly effected with only an ivory paper knife and a stamp made of a stick of any hard wood, the end of which has been cross-hatched with a penknife, like a common office seal. But for better work a small wheel, of metal, the size of a three-cent piece, set in a handle, like the well-known "pattern-wheel," is the best to run pattern lines or outlines with, while the stamp can be made of steel for thirty cents.

It is also advisable to have a pattern-wheel, which is like a spur set in a handle, and which is commonly sold by every shoemaker's furnisher for twenty-five cents. Now, supposing that the sheet of leather is already soft, having been in water for at least twenty-four hours, spread it evenly on a board and lay upon it a design drawn on paper. Then, with the pattern-wheel, trace the design through on the leather. The points of the

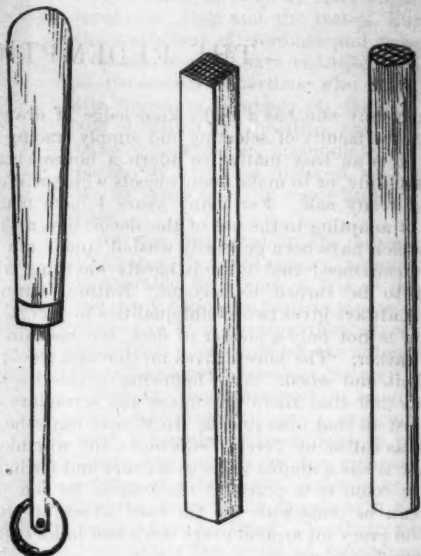


TIN CAN DOUBLED AND ORNAMENTED.

spur or rowel will go through the paper and leave dotted lines on the leather. Then, with the ivory paper knife or wheel, draw the outline. Then, with the stamp and a hammer, indent the background.

Now, if you have an empty round tin can, we will suppose that this leather will exactly fit it. Take a piece of tin or a slip of thin, flexible wood, and make of it, as it were, the handle of a bucket. It may go either within or without the leather cover. Cut it broad where it touches the tin and narrow at top. Then cover the can with shellac glue, or glue into which either nitric acid or a little glycerine has been infused to toughen it, or if you cannot get these, use common glue or tragacanth or dextrine gum, and paste the leather firmly on. If you prefer it, the leather may be pasted on the tin and the pattern worked on it while there. In this case the work will be very much facilitated by fitting into the can a round cylinder of wood. This will oppose a resistance to the hammering and render the indenting easier. There should be such a margin to the leather as to lap over the edge and cover the inside. This must be cut into strips so that one may lay on the other. Also leave sufficient to turn under and cover the bottom.

It is not difficult to carve wooden handles which may be fastened on these tins with screws, and the whole covered with leather. They may be fitted to



TOOLS FOR ORNAMENTING THE LEATHER.



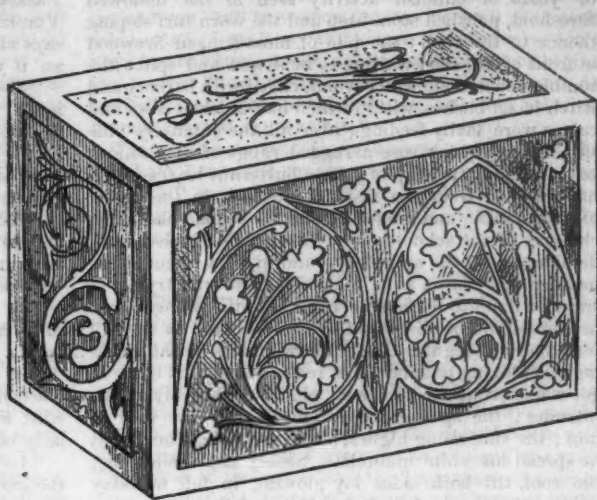
TIN CAN WITH BASKET HANDLE.

bases turned of wood, and then ornamented and used for flowers. Even if covered with only plain leather and supplied with turned lids, they are practically very useful as receptacles for many objects. Any tin-smith or tinker will, for a trifle, solder a tin handle on a can. He can also fit the end of one inside another and solder it, thus doubling the length of the can.

The pattern may be raised in very deep relief by cutting it out of thick pasteboard and putting it under the wet leather or between the leather and the tin. Then press the leather down on the mould with fingers and a sponge till it is in shape, and finish with the stamp.

By similar ornamentation with leather, square biscuit or cracker boxes may be converted into really elegant receptacles for many objects. In some cases canvas or brown holland and other textile fabrics may be substituted for leather. The canvas or linen may be very well ornamented by painting on it with the dyes sold for tapestry painting. A very practicable and useful dressing-case, lunch-box or other box for traveling, may be made of an empty biscuit-box, neatly covered either with leather or canvas. They are in every way preferable to those which are made of wood.

When the pattern is stamped on the leather its effect may be greatly improved by painting or staining it either with black dye or lignite ink. Raynald's French ink also answers the purpose of a dye for leather, as it will not rub off. Very fine effects may also be produced by cutting out patterns of colored leather, such as scarlet, orange, etc., gluing them on the brown ground, and



TIN BISCUIT OR CRACKER BOX.

tooling or running the edges with the wheel. The leather used to cover the tins may be *skinner* or split sheep costing from twenty-five to fifty cents a skin, or russet, of a better quality, costing from fifty cents to eighty. Colored leather is retailed at about one dollar a skin.

Tin cans covered with vellum or very thick parchment which has been soaked and stamped, exactly resemble carved ivory cups. The stamping may be made by cutting a die in any hard wood.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

THE SIX-SIDED SCHOOL-HOUSE.

A NEW HAMPSHIRE SKETCH—IN SIX PARTS.

It was not a hexagon, but a little, plain, red building of the ordinary shape, standing by a New Hampshire roadside.

In the eyes of those with whom this story is concerned, however, it had six aspects, so widely different that in justice to the school-house we shall give them all. First let us look at it through the eyes of our hero.

PART I—THE ARTIST'S SIDE.

HUGH BAYARD had been walking for an hour through a still pine forest. Since he left the farm-house where he had obtained his bread-and-milk breakfast he had not passed a dwelling nor seen a living thing larger than a squirrel. It was, therefore, with a sense of relief that he came out into the open sunshine and saw the little red school-house. He was a young landscape painter, poor and but little known, from which it will be easily understood that he had to work early and late, and in the face of much discouragement, to feed, clothe and shelter that troublesome animal, his body, and yet keep his soul a still, clean temple, where his muse might visit him without soiling her white wings. This the brave fellow had so far done; he owed no man, was

honored by all women, and had never let work leave his hand till it was as nearly perfect as he could make it. He was now keeping his heart up and his expenses down by a sketching tramp through the New Hampshire hills, and thus it was that on a September morning he came suddenly upon the red school-house. It looked as if it had stood there a hundred years, absorbing sunshine, till it could be nothing but red. Not a fresh, glaring scarlet nor an offensive brick-red, but a rich dun tint, subdued by many years and all sorts of weather—the color that you see in the old-fashioned breed of cows, on the darker cheek of a horse-chestnut, or on the trunk of a birch tree long ago peeled of its outer bark.

The shingled roof, which had never been painted, was tempered and toned to an iron-gray hue on the slope where the sunshine lay, while the side in shadow would have looked fairly black had it not been lightly thatched with warm russet-colored pine needles, which the great trees that protected it on the north and west had been gently dropping upon it ever since the meddlesome spring storms had ceased sweeping it clean. The plumelike greenness of these stately pines, the russet and gray of the roof, the subdued red of the walls, the suggestion

of years of childish activity seen in the hollowed threshold, polished stone step and the worn turf sloping thence to the road; the pile of moss-fringed firewood in front of the shed waiting to be sawed and split; the tumble-down stone wall beyond, edged with barbery and witch-hazel bushes, within which half-a-dozen cows and calves were lazily feeding; over all the intensely blue sky, against which rose a rugged range of mountains; nay, even a little heap of yellow butternut leaves which had dropped from the fast-thinning tree in the corner of the pasture, and lodged behind the smoke-blackened chimney of the school-house;—every one of these rural details pleased the artist's eye, and in a few moments he had arranged easel, stool and colors and was trying to transfer them to his canvas, congratulating himself that he should not be disturbed by the scholars, as the fall term had not begun. For fully two hours he sat working with loving patience. A red squirrel, who came to get a butternut for luncheon, chattered harshly at the intruder; the spotted calves stared over the wall at him; the sun, rising higher, shed such ardent heat that he spread his white umbrella. Slowly the shadow left the roof, till both sides lay glowing in full noonday light; stray sunbeams darted between the trees, were reflected from the varnished checkerberry leaves, drank up the dew from the moss cushions, and brought out sweet resinous odors from the pine-needle carpet, through which black crickets and red ants and yellow spiders were ever gliding and creeping. A dead-gold-colored lizard, with burnished gold spots, basked on the hottest side of a big gray boulder in the edge of the forest; and a black-and-white woodpecker with a scarlet cap clung perpendicularly to the stiff stalk of a mullein half-way up the sand bank behind the shed and picked out its seeds at his leisure.

At last Hugh rose; the flies were becoming troublesome, he was thirsty, and reflected that bread and milk was not a substantial breakfast. He decided that he could finish the sketch from memory, and after reducing his implements to their lowest terms of compass he lifted his hat in courteous farewell to the school-house and set forth in search of a dinner.

PART II—THE CARPENTER'S SIDE.

HARDLY had the artist disappeared, when a heavy-footed white horse came lumbering out of the pine woods, drawing an open wagon, in which sat or rather slouched two men who were talking in the laboriously non-committal manner so often heard in districts remote from railroads, steamboats, telegraphs and other decision compellers.

"I s'pose it's likely it'll have to be done," one of them was saying. "I shouldn't wonder if it ought to be done pretty soon, an' I didn't know but what you'd like the job."

"Well, I donno' but what I should," responded the other. "If this weather holds, I think p'raps I can git the last of my oats in a-Saturday, an' I don't know of anythin' to hinder after that."

By this time they were in front of the school-house. The school-committee-man said "Whoa!" the horse willingly stopped, and the two men fixed their eyes upon the roof which had so charmed the artist.

"It does 'pear to need reshinglin', sure enough," admitted the carpenter.

"Oh, it's just like punk," returned the other; "hasn't been done this fifteen year or more; the rain comes through in a dozen places, my boy says."

"You don't say," responded the carpenter, musingly.

"Yes, an' what do you think Ce'ly Upton said when

I asked her if she'd undertake to teach the fall term? You know she gave good satisfaction last spring. Why, says she, 'I will if you'll have the roof new shingled, an' if you don't, I won't.'"

"Sho!" said the carpenter, incredulous but admiringly; "was little Ce'ly as smart as all that? Why, I thought she was one of the mild-spoken kind of girls."

"So she is, the most of times," replied the committee-man; "but when she makes up her mind, she's as firm as the hills."

"Well, come to think on't," said the carpenter, "her mother was jest the same; easy an' soft-spoken till she took a notion, an' then, as you say 'bout Ce'ly, she was as set as set, when once she was sot, Ce'ly Whitmarsh was."

The committee-man did not feel that he was accurately quoted, but he let it pass, compassionately remembering that the carpenter, in his youth, had tried to "keep company" with Miss Whitmarsh aforesaid, but not being encouraged, had "taken up with" his present wife, who was anything but soft-spoken, and was popularly believed to make life a burden to him.

"I s'pose you can't say what the town 'll allow for the job?" remarked the last speaker, after a pause, as if rousing himself from useless retrospection.

"Well, no, I couldn't," was the reply; "but I guess they'll do about the fair thing, if you'll agree to do the work next week an' find the shingles."

"Well, I don't know of anything to hinder, if I have good luck gettin' in them oats," returned the other. "School begins the week after, don't it?"

"That's the agreement," was the consistently cautious answer. "I guess Ce'ly 'll be on hand if the shinglin's done;" and rousing the sleepy old horse by a smart thwack of the reins, he drove on.

PART III—MRS. PEACHAM'S SIDE.

MEANWHILE the artist had walked briskly down the hill, exhilarated by the beauty of the day and the conviction that he had done a good morning's work. The road sloped downward for half a mile, crossed a barren level covered with spindling hardhacks, and then wound up a long gravelly incline, near the top of which stood a white house and large red barn of hospitable appearance. So well did Hugh time his steps, that as he entered the neat yard, shaded by three round-headed sugar maples, a woman appeared in the doorway, with a tin horn at her lips, and began a vigorous blowing, which tapered off into a funny little squeak, as she suddenly saw the smiling stranger at her side.

"Well, I declare!" she exclaimed with a pleasant laugh; "I guess we were both scared that time. Did you want to see the Deacon? If you did, you'll have to sound the horn yourself, for I can't seem to pucker up my mouth right, since you started me so."

Our hero laughed, and, taking the horn, gave such a resounding blast that Mrs. Peacham gazed at him in admiration, remarking, "The folks 'll come quick this time, for they'll know that's none of my tootin', and they'll want to see who's come." She then cordially invited him in, her keen eyes assuring her that he was not a tramp, and that he was a gentleman. Artists had come that way before, and his impedimenta were unmistakable.

Placing them neatly in a corner, he took the offered chair, saying, "I ought to explain that I do not know the Deacon, but only wish to ask his and your leave to dine with you. I am walking through the State sketching, and find that I get hungry oftener than I come to a hotel."

"Oh, that's all right!" was the hearty reply; "p'raps

you'd like to wash your hands while I dish up dinner," and she pointed to a bench where a tin basin and a pail of water stood ready, with an appropriate background of roller-towel, soap-dish and comb-case.

"I've come to the right place," thought the artist, as he gladly availed himself of all but one of these luxuries; "she is a perfect Mrs. Lupin—just the buxom figure and dimpled face that a farmer's wife ought always to have. I wonder why they so seldom do! The young girls are fresh and pretty, but the elder women are so often sallow, lean and forlorn-looking. I suppose they work too hard and have too little fun and fresh meat."

These reflections were interrupted by the entrance of the Deacon and his sons.

While the former welcomed and questioned his guest, the younger boy remarked to his brother:

"I told you mother never blowed that horn!"

"I didn't say she did," retorted the other. *I thought Ce'ly must have come back,*" and the artist's quick eye caught a disappointed look on the tanned face as it was plunged into the basin.

A hearty meal and much intelligent talk followed, after which Hugh Bayard asked to be allowed to do an afternoon's work in the field, in return for their hospitality.

"No, no," said Deacon Peacham; "we're not so short-handed as all that! You settle it with the old woman by lettin' her see your pictures, an' if you can make it convenient to stop to supper I'd like to take a look at 'em myself. Come, boys, the rest o' that corn's got to be cut 'afore dark."

The guest was again alone with his hostess. She was evidently eager to see his sketches, saying that, "as the dish-water wasn't hot yet, she guessed she could look at one or two, anyway."

Hugh accordingly opened his portfolio and displayed some finished pencil drawings of mountains, bridges and mills, and some flowers in water-colors.

She was most pleased with the latter, so much more susceptible is the untrained eye to color than to form, but she knew far less than he of their names and habits, evidently preferring the very double scarlet geraniums and heavy variegated petunias in the tubs on her piazza to the slender harebells, hepaticas and wild roses of his choice. At last, on her inquiring what he had done that day, he produced the school-house, with an apology for its unfinished condition.

"Oh, my stars!" she exclaimed. "Why, it's our old school-house, as natural as life! Oh, dear, I don't see what makes some folks so much smarter than others! I couldn't draw an' paint that out, not to save me; an' how nice you've done it! I declare, if the Deacon was here, I b'lieve he'd give two dollars for it. We think the world an' all of that old school-house, 'cause we used to go there when we was little tots of things, an' all the way up till we was too big to go. An' then the singin'-schools and the prayer-meetin's—why, gracious me, I do suppose half the courtin' of the town's been done there!" and a lively blush betrayed some personal recollections which seemed for a moment to overwhelm her. "Oh, dear me, yes," she presently added, with a half laugh, half sigh, "an' all our children went there, too; these boys and our little Della; she died when she was thirteen; oh, yes, I know father 'll want to buy that picture. Couldn't you finish it before dark, don't you think? But I suppose you'd rather get a good price for it in Boston," she quickly added, perceiving his hesitation. "Now, I'll tell you what," she went on, before he could answer, "if the Deacon likes it as

well as I do, you keep this an' make another like it for us, and you shall be welcome to stay here till next week a-Saturday. I can't say any longer 'n that, for we don't have but one spare room, an' as soon as school begins the teacher 'll be here to board. Now, I must run, do my dishes, an' you can think it over, an' we'll see what my man says at supper time."

The result was that Hugh became a member of the Peacham household for more than a week, occupying "Ce'ly's" room, with its pretty girlish adornings, and working daily on the many picturesque bits and studies he discovered in his rambles.

PART IV—THE COW'S SIDE.

As the afternoon wore on, the sun sank behind the school-house, and thus a square, black shadow was thrown eastward across the wall into the pasture where three red cows, a black heifer and two spotted calves were kept. There were so few trees in the field, that on a warm, cloudless day like this the cattle always sought the cool spot of shade formed by the school-house and the butternut tree that grew in the angle of the wall. The oldest of the cows took the best place, of course, close against the trunk of the tree and nearest to the bars through which they went home at night. Here, also, she was most likely to get the apple-cores the scholars threw over.

The other cows came next, then the heifer, then the calves, who preferred the outer edge of the group, because they could get up and frisk when they felt restless without disturbing their sober elders. The little black heifer was the least happy of all. She was always in a minority. The cows continually shouldered and thrust at her, and the bossies despised her because she no longer cared to frolic and toss up her heels; moreover, her color was unpopular and unfashionable. All the old cows were red, though one was brindled with white, and the bell-cow had the semblance of a clean bib on her breast. The calves were beautifully dappled, "like raspberries and cream," they had once heard the pretty school-teacher say, and gave themselves airs accordingly. If only the contemned little heifer could have known that she was most admired by the artist that afternoon, when he saw her slender, deer-like head and wild, tender eyes looking over the barberry bushes, whose fading leaves and clean, reddening fruit-clusters were so beautifully relieved against her glossy blackness!

He had strolled over to the scene of his morning work, after his conversation with Mrs. Peacham, thinking to resume it, but finding the lights all changed, decided to wait for another morning, and to make a sketch of the cattle instead.

"How many views may be taken of the simplest object," he mused, while arranging his materials. "To me this old school-house is merely a picturesque study, possibly the means of my indulging in a week at Mount Desert or a new overcoat for next winter; in Mrs. Peacham's mind it is associated with all the romance she has ever known; to these cows it is only so much shade in which to chew their afternoon cud; and to the teacher whose room I am to have, it is doubtless a scene of weary, humdrum drudgery."

Having now adjusted all to his satisfaction, he began to work.

PART V—THE TEACHER'S SIDE.

NEARLY a week passed before Hugh visited the school-house again, for the weather changed that night, and a succession of wet days confined him to such work as could be done indoors. With the return of sunshine he

sallied forth, confident that at last the lights and shadows on the old roof would be as he had first seen them. Alas! how seldom do we find anything exactly as we left it! To his dismay the mellow-tinted shingles had been torn off by the ruthless hand of utility and reform, in the person of the carpenter, and now lay, a splintered, unsightly heap, upon the ground, while a glaringly new roof, unsoftened by time, lichens or pine needles, was already half completed under the busy hammer of the artisan, who was even now at work, *tick-tack, tick-tack*, like a gigantic woodpecker in blue overalls. The artist stood in silent disgust for several moments, unseen by the carpenter, then leaped the bars and went in search of the cattle. They were nowhere in sight, however, and relinquishing that idea, he crossed the wall and came down through the pine wood toward the school-house again, recalling the boulder on which the lizard had basked, and saying to himself, "that, at least, they cannot shingle." As he neared the road he saw that the rock was even prettier from the rear than as he had first viewed it. "I had best make sure of it," he muttered; "they may paste a patent pill advertisement on it before to-morrow." He established himself accordingly and began to work, quite concealed by the boulder both from the carpenter and from passers-by, though but a few paces from the road. Suddenly he heard the sound of wheels, and then a pleasant feminine voice, saying:

"Oh look, Aunt Jerusha! They are really having the roof done at last! Now I shall have a dry ceiling, and no more sore throats, I hope! One day last spring, when the snow melted suddenly, I had to muster all the children's dinner-pails to put under the leaks. There were two over my table, and one stream came straight down on to the stove. Such a dripping and scrambling as we had!"

The aunt made some reply inaudible to Hugh, and then came the girl's voice again:

"How d'ye do, Mr. Patch? I am glad to see you making my roof tight. It needed you badly."

"You're right it did," returned the carpenter. "How are you, Ce'ly, an' how's all the folks over your way? Good mornin', Mis' Danforth."

Hugh could no longer resist peeping. He had heard the teacher's praises daily from the Peachams, ever since he came to South Appleborough; of course he had formed a picture of her in his own mind and wished to judge of its correctness. He rose and reconnoitred. He saw a thin, mild-faced woman in black sitting in an open wagon, and a young girl in blue just climbing out of it. He had a glimpse of a neatly shod foot as she sprang down, and then of a trim little figure, brown braids under a shady hat, a fresh cheek and a pretty hand, as she stood giving a half-caressing, half-adjusting pat to her aunt's shawl, while she said:

"Now I'm going into the school-house to get a book I left there, and then I'll walk up to Mrs. Peacham's. You know I promised to come and trim her bonnet in time for Sunday."

"It seems too far for you to walk," said her aunt. "Let me take you up there before I go to mill."

"Why, Aunt Jerusha!" laughed Cecilia. "You know I walk it twice a day when school begins; it isn't far at all. Go right along, and don't forget to call at the post-office and buy some stamps, and go to the store and get your cap-ribbon, and uncle's tobacco, and my letter-paper, after you've sold the eggs. Give my love to Rowena, and I'll be here by four o'clock to ride home with you."

Mrs. Danforth submitted, and drove slowly away on

the road at right angles with that which led to Mrs. Peacham's. Cecilia stood smiling and waving her hand an instant, and then, as she turned to enter the school-house, Hugh saw her full face.

It was pretty, decidedly pretty; that he was prepared for; but it was also delicate, refined, with a certain tender thoughtfulness of expression which surprised and charmed him. "They told me of a pretty girl and a good teacher," he said to himself, as she paused on the door-step, feeling in her pocket for the key; "but here is a lady, nay, a sweet woman, worth studying, worth knowing." The key was now found, the door opened and the young girl went into the school-house, leaving Bayard leaning against the rock looking after her, like the disconsolate Peri. Presently he returned to his sketch, but it failed to fix his attention. "I can do no more to-day," he decided; "I will put up my colors and be ready to walk with her to Mrs. Peacham's."

Inspiring thought! Never had he packed his box so quickly. He was all ready, but she did not appear. Why should he not go into the school-house? Having sketched the exterior, was it not fit that he should acquaint himself with the interior as well? Fit? Nay, indispensable to a full understanding of the subject! He advanced boldly, his materials under his arm as a voucher for his peaceful profession. "If that churl of a carpenter calls her 'Ce'ly,' surely I may exchange with her a few remarks on the scenery or the weather." She had left the outer door open, and stepping into the little entry he saw two inner ones side by side with a row of hat pegs between them. That on the right was open; he looked in. There she sat at her desk, her fresh, blue dress the only spot of cheerful color in the bare room, with its stained and dingy plastered walls and ceiling, its brown floor, brown desks, brown benches and dado-like belt of blackboards. Festoons of withered oak and maple leaves hung over the cobwebbed windows, dusty relics of the last examination day. But Cecilia herself? Hugh was smitten with self-reproach for his intrusion. Her arms were crossed upon the table before her, and her pretty head bent low upon them in an attitude of discouragement that went to his heart. Happily the din on the roof covered the sound of his steps. He went quickly away, but before he had passed the outer threshold an irresistible impulse to help made him turn back again. This time he chose the closed door, and waiting for a pause in the hammering knocked decidedly upon it. He heard "Come in," in an accent of surprise, but ignored it to give her time. In another moment she appeared in the open doorway and stood looking at him with grave interrogation.

"Excuse me," he said bowing low, with his hat in his hand; "I am making a sketch of the school-house for Mrs. Peacham, and would like to look at the inside, if I do not interrupt you."

"You are quite welcome to come in," she quietly replied, "though indeed there is nothing to see."

"You are Miss Upton, I think?" said the artist, following her into the room.

"Yes," she answered, "and you must be the gentleman Charley Peacham has told me about."

"My name is Hugh Bayard," he responded, and then they looked at each other with innocent curiosity and never again felt that they were strangers.

Pleasant and memorable to both were the hours that followed, when, chaperoned, as it were, by the clatter of the unwitting Patch, Cecilia consented to wait while Hugh made a sketch of the school-room and put her in it; when they walked together the sandy mile to the Deacon's, talking frankly by the way; when he showed

her his drawings after dinner, and then watched her as she trimmed Mrs. Peacham's bonnet; when finally he escorted her back to the school-house, where, to his joy, they did not find "Aunt Jerusha," and so sat for a happy half-hour upon the door-step. Such was the inconsistency of the artist that he now rejoiced in seeing the new roof completed, for the carpenter and his hammer were gone. It was then that Cecilia told him that her mother had been born and bred in South Appleborough, but having married a minister, had lived in various places, returning at her husband's death to her old home with Cecilia.

"For my brother Fred went to college and then to Chicago. He never liked such a quiet place as this, and he was going to send for us by-and-by. But mother died, and then Aunt Jerusha's last daughter was married and uncle said I must not leave them, too. They had given us a home and been so kind I said I would stay awhile, and now Fred is married and does not need me as they do."

"And you do not wish to be dependent, and so you take the school," thought Hugh, but aloud he only said, "And you are happy?"

"Oh, yes," she answered, "except when I get into an ungrateful, restless mood, as I do now and then when I remember how different life was when I was a little girl, and we lived in Cambridge. Father and mother were living and Fred was at home, and we had plenty of books, and went to the seashore sometimes, and into Boston. Oh, yes, I am happy here," she asserted again, as if anxious to convince herself, too. "I love my relations, and I am interested in my school, and everybody is very kind; you could see that at Mrs. Peacham's."

"And yet," persisted Hugh, looking at her with eyes so steadfast, so sympathizing, so trustworthy, that she involuntarily added:

"And yet, I was wishing this very morning that I had not promised to begin another term here next week. I was lazy and cowardly, I suppose. Are you ever so?"

"Only too often," he honestly added.

"But I fought it down," she continued, "and I am ashamed of it now, and mean to come back here next Monday and do better than ever before, under my nice new shingles, that you will not admire. Oh, here comes Aunt Jerusha!"

PART VI—THE SCHOLARS' SIDE.

Nearly a year passed away; the fall term, the winter term, and the spring-term had been successively ruled by Cecilia in the old red school-house, and now it was June, and examination day had come; a great event in South Appleborough, second only to "Cattle Show," as the boys were wont to style the "Granite County Annual Agricultural Exhibition."

It was a bright, warm day, and every parent, grandparent, uncle and aunt was presumably present, for the room was crowded, and all the chairs (borrowed for the occasion from Mrs. Peacham and Mrs. Patch), were filled at an early hour.

It was not only the ending of the regular school year and the graduation day of the elder pupils, but it was also Cecilia's last appearance as a teacher. Yes, the smallest child there knew that Miss Upton was to be married in September to Hugh Bayard and was going to live in New York.

The little brown room had never been so gay before. The rough walls were nearly concealed by fresh festoons of leaves and evergreen, looped up here and there by bunches of hollyhocks and cinnamon roses; streamers of the same curtained the windows, waving back and

forth in the soft south wind. The words "Welcome" and "Good-by," made entirely of roses, the former of red, the latter white, were hung so as to face respectively the entering and the retiring guests; and a big bowl of white and pink laurel blossoms adorned the teacher's table. "That painter feller's had a hand here, I guess," whispered many an admiring spectator, and a general elbow nudging vibrated around the room when Hugh came in.

The forenoon was given to recitations in arithmetic, geography, grammar and spelling, with outline-map exercises and blackboard problems.

Cecilia's cheeks grew deeply red with excitement, but her pupils did her credit, and she read satisfaction in their parents' faces and congratulation in Hugh's eyes. In the afternoon every corner was filled again, even the little entry was crowded with standing spectators, for now came the reading of compositions and selected pieces, declamation, dialogues and singing. One by one the smartly dressed girls advanced to the platform, some drooping and blushing, some pert and defiant, and offered to the assembled world their views upon such lofty and original themes as "The Past, the Present and the Future," "Woman's Influence," "The History of an Acorn," etc. Then came bursts of elocution in the words of Burke, Patrick Henry, or Webster, accompanied by such grace of gesture and posture as Cecilia had been able to engraft upon the native angularity of the boys. The reading of "How the water comes down at Lodore" by the whole school in concert, was received with especial satisfaction by the deaf among the company, and the singing of "Johnny Schmoker," with appropriate action, was also a great success. Last of all came speeches by the three committee-men. The first was facetious and anecdotal, the second critical and hortatory, the third long and prosy. But even these inevitable dispensations came to an end at last, and after a brief prayer from the minister and the singing of "Auld Lang Syne," the sleepy, much-enduring children, cramped, perspiring parents and exhausted teacher were free to go. Visions of cows to milk and supper to get abridged the farewells, and soon only three couples remained within the academic grove. These were Cecilia and Hugh, who stayed to pack the former's books and papers—Ruthy Patch and her crony, Marcia Blake, who leaned upon the pasture bars talking over the agitations of the day, and Eben Patch and Charley Peacham, who staggered along the road, each a radiating mass of chair legs, looking like Briareus and a cuttle-fish taking a walk together.

"It's the last job of chair-fetchin' we'll have to do here, ain't it, Charley?" panted Eben, as they stopped to rest.

"That's so," was the reply. "Do you b'lieve it's goin' to be as good fun when we go to the 'Cademy next fall?" he added.

"I don't see how it can," grumbled Briareus, who was a melancholy philosopher. "The hill there can't compare with this for coastin', an' there ain't a tree to climb anywheres near, nor squirrels, nor but'nuts, nor berries, nor pine cones for kindlin', nor nothin', as I see."

"But we shall be handier to the store an' the post-office, an' the drifts won't be so deep, an' we shan't have to lug chairs so far," said hopeful Charley.

"But we shan't like Dr. Coffin as well as Ce'ly Upton," urged Eben.

"That's so," assented Charley again, adding, "I wish she'd let alone marryin' that Bayard. He's a good sort of a feller, too," reluctantly; "but I wish he'd gone courtin' somewheres else."

"Guess your brother Ezra wishes so, too," said Eben. But Charley ignored this, crying, "Oh, come ahead! We shan't get cleared up 'fore dark."

Meanwhile the girls at the bars had been discussing the same subject, but in a more sentimental strain.

"Oh, dear!" said Ruthy, "don't you hate to think we never shall go to this dear old school-house any more?—nor have Miss Upton, either?"

"Yes, Ruthy," said Marcia, solemnly; "but you know we must expect changes as we grow up, and we oughtn't to be selfish. Just think how happy Miss Upton is, and what a splendid husband she's going to have, and how nice it'll be when we get letters from her; and they're coming back here every summer, too!"

"He is elegant," said Ruthy, "and I suppose I ought to be pleased. Mrs. Peacham told my mother that if he hadn't happened to paint our old school-house he wouldn't have been able to be married for ever so long."

"You don't say so!" cried Marcia, eagerly.

"Yes, it was some rich city man who saw that picture, and it made him think of when he was a boy in New Hampshire, and he got Mr. Bayard the engagement to make a whole lot of sketches for a book they're going to print in New York. It's a three years' piece of work, she says, and he's sure to get on now."

"Well, I declare," cried Marcia, much impressed. "Oh, here she comes! Let's go and bid her good-by."

They darted with girlish eagerness to Cecilia's side, and were made happy by kisses and kind words, though all three faces were tearful as they separated.

As the younger two disappeared down the road, Hugh came out of the school-house with the basket of books, and locked the door behind him.

Cecilia stood looking at the scene of her labors, and he saw that her eyes were full of tears.

"That chapter is ended, my darling," he said cheerfully, laying his free arm lightly around her. "Remember your 'Hyperion motto,' 'Look not mournfully into the eyes of the Past; it comes not back again.'"

"I shall always love the old place, Hugh," she answered, "because it led to our meeting."

"And to our marriage. Yes, I love it, too; but you are tired, Cecilia, from a long, hard day, and I must not let you stay here looking sorrowful over changes that are really for your happiness, as we hope and believe. Don't we, dear?"

She smiled in glad assent, and resting her hand within his arm, turned and walked homeward with him through the mellow twilight, leaving the little red school-house alone under its whispering pines.

The hill did not seem long to them—the barren level was not dreary—nor the whip-poor-will's song sad, for they were together, and they were strong in their youth, their faith and their mutual love.

LAURA D. NICHOLS.

THE SIGN LANGUAGE OF THE CENTRAL AMERICAN INDIANS.

A SHORT time after my arrival in Guatemala a ludicrous incident directed my attention to the fact, that the peculiar gestures of the Indians of the country have other purposes than the mere accentuation of expressed language.

I was just leaving the door of the "Gran Hotel," when I heard a vigorous clapping of hands behind me. Upon turning, I saw an Indian running after me with as much anxiety expressed upon his countenance as the characteristic stupidity of his race would permit, and while he ran he threw his entire arm forward as if to indicate that some danger was hanging over me. I accelerated my steps and he his motions. I turned a corner and ran. He still pursued me, repeating the warning gesture at each bound. We increased our velocity and the distance between us had grown to nearly a block when, suddenly, it occurred to me that a North American who has not yet become debilitated by residence in the tropics, was certainly a match for half-a-dozen of the weak denizens of the country, and that such rapid transit was hardly compatible with the conduct of a dignified physician.

I stopped to fasten my glove. Poor Lo reached me, and in a voice suppressed by emotion or shortness of breath, drawled out in the manner peculiar to his race: "Says Don Eucaristo, how are you and how did you arise, and he hopes that you are well, and that you arose well, and that your lady is well and arose well, and he begs your pardon for molesting you, and that he hopes that you will forgive the trouble he is giving you, but that his lady is very ill and asks you please to come to his house very quickly."

With as much coolness as I could muster, I said that I was just on my way to Don Eucaristo Peña's house. The Indian told me that I had mistaken the direction, the way was exactly opposite to the one I had taken, and that he had beckoned to me to stop, but that I had evidently not noticed his sign.

This was my first lesson in the silent eloquence of this country, where everything is reversed. As in other lands violently throwing forward the arm conveys the idea that a rapid separation from the beckoner is the safest course to pursue, here it means that an approach is urgently desired.

This incident led me to pay more attention than perhaps I should otherwise have done to what, at first, appeared to be meaningless gesticulation; and though I have been unable in many cases to trace the origin and connection of these signs with their meaning, I have found them markedly useful in my contact with a people who amplify the Spanish proverb, "It is better to sit than to stand, better to lie than sit," by "It is easier to gesticulate than talk."

Why should the index and middle finger extended, as shown in the margin, mean a horse? I cannot explain it except practically. I clap my hands, my hostler presents himself; I stretch out my hand as described, and he will know I want one of my horses, but which one is not clear to him until I raise my hand to about the level of my shoulder and



A HORSE.

rapidly make a few up-and-down motions therewith. He then knows I want my large trotting horse; the adjective *large* or *tall* being indicated by the elevation of the hand in the "horse-sign," in contradistinction to making the gesture low down, which would mean *small*. Now, if I wished my large horse, which travels in the peculiar pace of these countries, I would elevate my hand as before, but instead of jogging it, gently wave it from side to side.

A foreigner to whom I had taught this sign tried it, but instead of pointing his thumb to the horizon, he



A DOG.

extended his hand, having folded his fourth and fifth fingers upon the palm which he held downward. His servant stared at him and said, "But, Señor, we have no dog." Upon being told that a horse was wanted, he explained that he

had made him the dog-sign.

I must leave it to the reader's imagination to judge whether the positions of the hand, as just indicated; can by any except empirical means be caused to call to mind the horse or the dog. The connection is more evident between the adjectives of size and the elevation or depression of the hand, as is also that between the chopping or jogging up-and-down motion of the hand and trotting, and the wave-like, side-to-side movement is a fair portrayal of the *paso* so much liked in the native horse.

The trotting-sign, being made rapidly, has a wider application than above stated. A person is requested to do a thing quickly by extending the hand in any shape or position and rapidly jogging it up and down.

The reader now knowing how to express size, and wishing to convey that the writer is a great child for devoting so much attention to matters of apparently



A CHILD.

such slight importance, will extend his or her hand and curve the fingers as if laying it on a little one's head. Let the elevation of the hand be about six feet, so as to show that the "child-sign," as in the margin, is meant ironically. If the author should have the honor of meeting the reader, and the latter, after finishing this article, persists in the verdict of puerility on the part of the writer, let him close all except the index finger, the curved back of which he will present to the author's mouth—"¿ver si muerde"—to see whether it will bite; i. e., whether it (the presumed child) has passed the period of dentition.

Plants of any kind have their signs for size. An explanation of the height of



CAN YOU BITE?

anything in the vegetable kingdom is made by holding the palm upwards, the



HEIGHT OF PLANTS.

back of the hand elevated or depressed to the appropriate level. The thumb, index and middle fingers are slightly extended, and the third and fourth are curved toward the palm. I have often asked Indians about the condition of their sugar-cane, coffee trees

or maize, and have always received an answer by the same sign; no matter whether they were disappointed by the diminutive backwardness of the growth of their plants, or elated because of their extraordinary advancement, their faces never express sadness or joy. Indeed, the race seems to be bereft of emotions. Even in those people whose appearance indicates that the Indian blood is but slightly mixed with that of other races stolidity is characteristic. Their laugh is rare and mechanical, and their expression of mental suffering is at best dramatic and hysterical, conveying the idea of being unreal. Their eloquence is mute, and, even in the best class, the few who are accustomed to public speaking do not disdain to use the signs of their lower and ignorant brethren.

The sign shown in the margin, made by crossing the thumb over the index finger and extending the other three, is presumably of comparatively recent origin. It is the sign of the cross, which is made to implore divine protection, and is made in the same sense as amulets are worn to protect against witches, demons, poisonous reptiles and ferocious beasts. I know a number of people whose fingers of both hands are habitually in the position when at rest.



SIGN OF THE CROSS.

Another sign, which presumably has its origin in the teachings of the Roman Catholic Church, and therefore born of the conquest, is that of supplication. The Indians accompany each request by an attitude of prayer:



A REQUEST.

one knee to the ground and both hands joined as if bespeaking protection of the person they are addressing. The first time one is thus "adored" it produces an uncomfortable sensation, but one becomes so accustomed to it in time that if a rude Indian forgets to bow when he makes a request, one feels as the militia lieutenant does the day after dress parade when the members of his company pass him without saluting.

Thanks for a present are expressed by grasping the



THANKS.

article received, and rapidly moving it once toward the giver, as if it were a partial effort to return the gift, or by crossing the arms on the chest, the tips of the fingers



GOOD-DAY.

resting near the shoulders and the body slightly bowed forward—a sort of salaam.

The ordinary greeting is somewhat similar to the previous sign. To wish a good-day the Indian crosses his arms on his chest, at the region of the lower ribs, and inclines the body slightly toward the person saluted. Some amplify this sign by slightly projecting either of the legs backward.

Precision, exactitude and all of their attributes are foreign to this peculiar people. They cannot give a definite answer to the simplest question, but content themselves and each other with what to the foreigner is most distressing vagueness. This is particularly shown by the sign they use for indicating an article, a person or a direction. If asked the road to a certain place—if asked to point out anything—they silently project their lips, and, slightly elevating their heads, maintain them in that position until the inquirer has, after several failures, selected the road, article or person indicated, and then becomes aware that he has guessed correctly by our aboriginal retracting his lips and dropping his head to its original position. Ludicrous and even serious errors are frequently the result of this sign, but to a people so essentially conservative, experience is no teacher.



INDICATING AN OBJECT.

Of the estimated 5,000,000 inhabitants of Central America, over 3,500,000 are Indians, whose customs, clothing, food and language have not changed a particle during the last three centuries, which have been so fraught with disaster for them; and, notwithstanding that the most intelligent among them foresee an utter annihilation of their race as a consequence of their strict conservatism, they view their national and individual death with that stolidity which is their main characteristic. Those who claim that three hundred years ago the Spaniards, who conquered the country, found a high state of civilization, are content to blame them for the suppression of the positive character of the aboriginals.

Negation or doubt is expressed by elevating the index finger and moving it slowly before the face, the rapidity of the motion being in proportion to the degree of emphasis with which the negation is intended to be conveyed. For "Yes" there is no sign.



NEGATION.

A sign, which in a measure carries with it an evidence of its meaning, is made by projecting the hand vertically and describing a segment of an arc with it, so that the conclusion of the motion has the internal margin pointing downwards. This means: "I, he, she,



WILL RETURN SHORTLY.

it, we or they will return shortly." A companion sign to this means "wait," and it is made by the extended palm elevated to about the level of the ear and pressed slightly against vacancy, similar to the manner in which an Anglo-Saxon school-boy will admonish another to "va-moose."

If the "good-by" sign of the Central American Indians were a complete key to peculiarities, it might be perhaps accepted as an indication that they are in-



GOOD-BY.

tellectually still in their infancy, for their mode of leave-taking is much like the Caucasian baby's "tata" as it lifts its little hand and half flexing its fingers twirls them before its face. This sign is used by all classes of people here, but as in colloquial Spanish the word "Adios" is both "Hello" and "So-long," it is used also as a greeting. With the aborigines, however, this twirling of the fingers has maintained its original sole meaning of farewell.



EATING.



DRINKING.

When an Indian wishes to express his desire for food, or endeavors to convey the idea that some person or animal is eating, he erects his thumb, extends his joined fingers at a right angle to the palm, and while they point to his mouth he moves them up and down. In an extended sense this is his sign by which he invites you to partake of his ever frugal board, and woe to him who for the first time endeavors to appease nature's cravings with the *tortilla* and *frijoles* of these countries.

If the eating-sign is easily comprehended by a vivid imagination, the drinking sign is not. It is made by extending the thumb and fifth finger and closing the others.

The hand held thus is made to describe a short curve downwards, and with the thumb pointed to the mouth.

An odd sign is used to express stinginess on the part of the person addressed or of a third party. The speaker, or rather gesticulator, strikes the elbow with the hand. One short, strong blow is considered eloquent enough for all practical purposes.

Another uncomplimentary sign is made by pressing one arm to the side, extending the forearm, separating the fingers and rapidly contracting them. The person to or at whom this sign is made is to be considered dishonest, incapable of distinguishing between *meum* and *tuum*.



STINGINESS.

The simplicity which characterizes the Central American Indian does not extend to a contempt of filthy lucre, except among those who, like the Lacandones or Lacantunes, live without the pale of civilized contact. All others, to indicate wealth, when referring to any one, slightly curve the middle, fourth and fifth fingers upon the palm and close the thumb and index finger as if encircling a large coin.

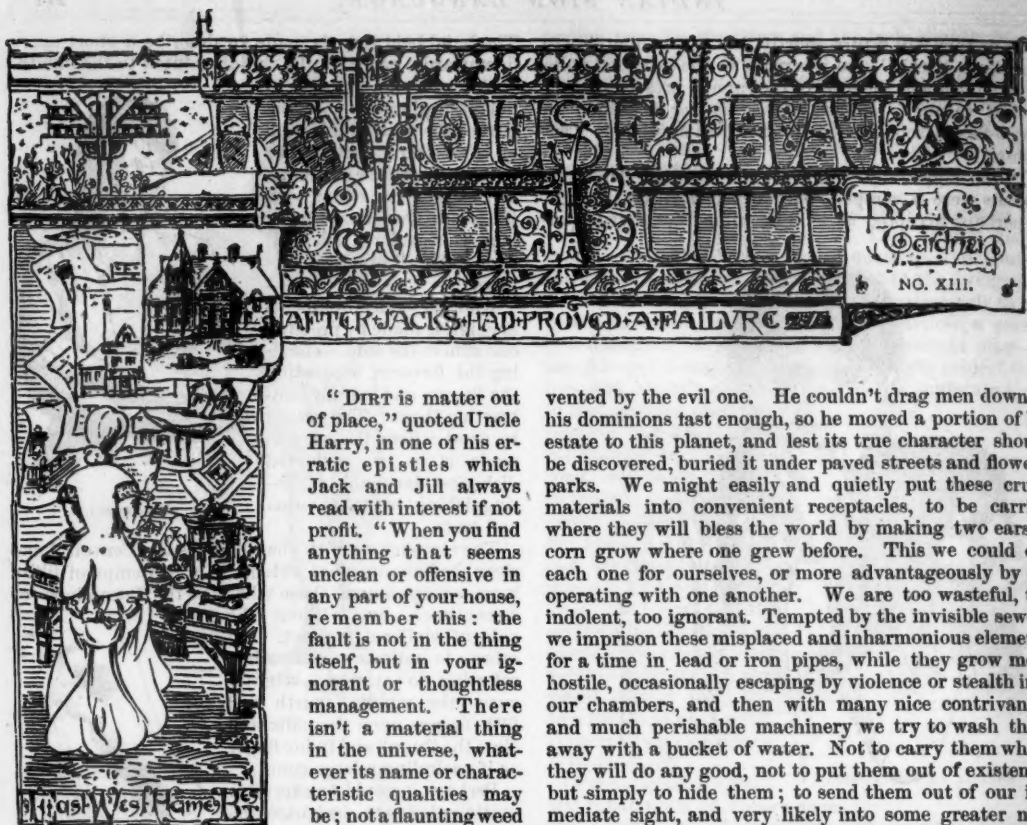
Perhaps it would be excessive sentimentality to designate the prevailing element of these countries as sadness. Certainly jollity and *bonhomie* do not exist except under the influence of alcoholic stimulation, and generally a joke falls flat and is not understood.

And now the reader has but one more sign to learn to become thoroughly conversant with the sign language of the Central American Indians. Place the nail of the thumb behind the edge of the upper front teeth, and jerk the hand suddenly forward, thus producing a slight scratching sound as the thumb nail passes over their edge. This is a sign of marked approbation, meaning very good, delicious, very pretty, or very pleasing, according to the person or the thing intended to be qualified.

FERD. C. VALENTINE, M. D.



APPROBATION.



created for some good and wise purpose. It is for us to learn those purposes. The grand secret of safe and comfortable living lies in keeping yourself and everything about you in the right place. I hear much of the dangers and annoyances that arise from modern plumbing. I am not surprised by them; on the contrary, I wonder they are not more numerous and fatal, since nothing is more inconsistent with the first principles of comfort and health than our relations to our 'modern conveniences.' Instead of disposing of what are incorrectly called waste materials according to nature's modes, we persist in defying her examples and her laws even after we fully understand them, and, in the vain hope of adding to our own ease, bring upon ourselves untold calamities. 'Earth to earth' is a mandate that cannot be disregarded with impunity. The infinite laboratories of nature welcome to their crucibles all the strange and awful elements which we fail to comprehend and against which we wage a futile warfare. If all these miscalled 'wastes' that we find so hurtful and offensive when out of place in and around our homes could be consigned to the bosom of mother earth the moment they seem to us worthless, they would be at once changed to life-giving forces, out of which forms of freshness and beauty would arise to fill us with delight. They are willing to serve us whenever we give them an opportunity. The one direct and infallible mode of doing that is to put them in the ground before they have a chance to work us injury. If we bury them, or, rather, plant them, they will bring forth, some thirty, some sixty, some an hundred fold.

"It is my impression that sewers were originally in-

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"DIRT is matter out of place," quoted Uncle Harry, in one of his erratic epistles which Jack and Jill always read with interest if not profit. "When you find anything that seems unclean or offensive in any part of your house, remember this: the fault is not in the thing itself, but in your ignorant or thoughtless management. There isn't a material thing in the universe, whatever its name or characteristic qualities may be; not a flaunting weed nor an unseen miasmatic vapor, which is not

vented by the evil one. He couldn't drag men down to his dominions fast enough, so he moved a portion of his estate to this planet, and lest its true character should be discovered, buried it under paved streets and flowery parks. We might easily and quietly put these crude materials into convenient receptacles, to be carried where they will bless the world by making two ears of corn grow where one grew before. This we could do, each one for ourselves, or more advantageously by co-operating with one another. We are too wasteful, too indolent, too ignorant. Tempted by the invisible sewers we imprison these misplaced and inharmonious elements for a time in lead or iron pipes, while they grow more hostile, occasionally escaping by violence or stealth into our chambers, and then with many nice contrivances and much perishable machinery we try to wash them away with a bucket of water. Not to carry them where they will do any good, not to put them out of existence, but simply to hide them; to send them out of our immediate sight, and very likely into some greater mischief. The system is radically wrong, and while many of its existing evils may be averted, they cannot all be removed till we make our attacks from a different base. Improving sewers, like strengthening prison walls, is a good thing if the institutions remain; to prevent the need of maintaining them would be better still. Three-fourths of the solid wastes that proceed from human dwellings—scraps of food, waste paper, worthless vegetables, worn-out utensils, bones, weeds, old boots and shoes, whatever unmanageable and unnamable rubbish appears—ought to be at once consumed by fire, for which purpose a small cremating furnace should be found in every house. A similar trial by fire would reduce a large part of the liquids and semi-liquids to solid form to be also consumed, and the rest, absorbed by dry earth or ashes, could easily be transported to the barren fields that await the intelligence and power of man to transform them into blooming gardens.

"Of the usual modes of bringing water to our houses to wash away these things I know but little, because there is but little to be known. Complications and mysteries are not to my taste. I find no satisfaction in overthrowing a man of straw, and am comparatively indifferent to the rival claims of patentees and manufacturers, except as they promise good material, faithful workmanship and moderate prices.

"The one thing needful, if we adopt the hydraulic method of carrying away these waste substances, is a smooth cast-iron pipe running from the ground outside the house in through the lower part and up and out through the roof. It should be open at both ends, and so free from obstruction that a cat, a chimney-swallow or a summer breeze could pass through it without difficulty. I would, however, put screens over the open

ends to keep out the cats and the swallows. The purifying breezes should blow through in summer and winter without let or hindrance, and to promote their circulation I would, if possible, place the pipe beside a warm chimney. Yet if the air it contains should sometimes move downward it will do no special harm; anything is better than stagnation. Into this open pipe, which should be not only water-tight but air-tight through its entire length, all waste-pipes from the house should empty as turbid mountain torrents pour into the larger stream that flows through the valley. (Fig. 1.)

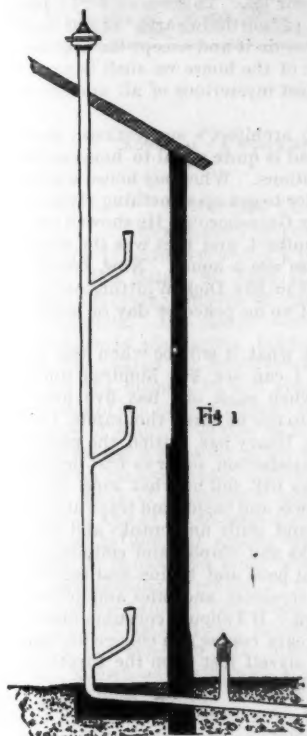


Fig 1

Now, unless the upward draught through this large pipe is constant and strong, you will see at once that the air contained in it—which we must treat as though it were always poisonous—would be liable to come up through these branches into the rooms, where they stand with open mouths ready to swallow whatever is poured into them. It is necessary, therefore, to build dams across them that will allow water to go down but prevent air from going up. These dams are called 'traps.' They are intended to catch only hurtful elements that might seek to intrude. It often happens that those who set them get caught, for they are not infallible.

Whatever the form or patent assumed by these water-dams, they amount to a bend in the pipe filled with water. (Fig. 2.) Sometimes a ball or other form of valve is used, but the water is the mainstay.



Fig 2.

"Theoretically, this is the whole machinery of safe, 'sanitary' plumbing: A large open pipe kept as clean and free as possible, into which the smaller drains empty, these smaller drains or waste-pipes having their mouths always full and being able, so to speak, to swallow in but one direction. Everything can go down; nothing can come up. That all these pipes shall be of sound material, not liable to corrosion; that the different pieces of which they are composed shall be tightly joined; that they shall be so firmly supported that they will not bend or break by their own weight, or through the changes of temperature to which they are subject, and that they shall be, if not always in plain sight at most only hidden by some covering easily removed, are points which the commonest kind of common sense would not fail to observe.

"Practically there are weak spots in the system, even if plumbers were always as honest as George Washington—before he became a man, and as wise as Solomon—before he became discouraged. A water barricade, unless it is as wide as the English Channel, is not a safeguard against dangerous invasion. A slight pressure of air, as every boy blowing soap bubbles can show you, will force a way through a basin full, and the same thing would happen if there should chance to be a backward current of air through these pipes, with this difference, that while the soap bubbles are harmless beauties these may be filled with the germs of direful diseases. Still another danger to which this light water-seal is exposed is that a downward rush of water may cause a vacuum in the small pipes, somewhat as the exhaust steam operates the air-brakes, and empty the trap, leaving merely an open crooked pipe. Both these weak points may be strengthened by a breathing hole in the highest part of the small pipe below the trap. This must, of course, have a ventilating pipe of its own, which, to be always effectual, should be as large as the waste-pipe itself. (Fig. 3.)

"Now, if the water that fills these traps and stops the open mouths of the drains were always clean there would be no further trouble from this source. Unfortunately it is not, and although constant watchfulness might keep it so, the safety that only comes from eternal vigilance is an uncomfortable sort of safety—if we have too much of it life becomes a burden. This particular ill might be remedied by some contrivance whereby the upper ends of the waste-pipes should be effectually corked—not simply covered, but corked as tightly as a bottle of beer—at all times except when in actual use. This would doubtless be more troublesome, but indolence is at the bottom of most of our woes: our labor-saving contrivances bring upon us our worst calamities. Even this thorough closing of the outlet of wash-basins and bath-tubs as they are usually made would be of little avail, for they are furnished with an 'overflow' (Fig. 4), through which exhalations from the trap would rise, however tightly the outlet might be sealed. It is also customary and doubtless wise, considering our habit of doing things so imperfectly the first time that we have no confidence in their stability, to place large basins of sheet-lead under all plumbing articles, lest from some cause they should 'spring a leak' and damage the floors or ceilings below them. One strong safeguard being better than two weak ones, I would dispense with the 'overflow' and arrange so that when anything ran over accidentally the lead basin or 'safe' should catch the water and carry it through an ample waste-pipe of its own to some inoffensive outlet. This would perhaps involve setting the plumbing articles in the most simple and open fashion—which ought always to be done. 'Cabinets', cupboards, casings and wood finish, no matter how full of conveniences, or how elegantly made, are worse than useless in connection with plumbing fixtures, which, for all reasons, should stand forth in absolute nakedness. They must be so strongly and simply made that no concealment will be necessary.

"One more danger closes the list, so far as the sys-



Fig 3.



Fig 4.

tem is concerned. Even if the water in the traps is clean and inoffensive it will evaporate quickly in warm weather, and then the prison door is open again. This adds another vigil which we can never lay aside if we must have plumbing and water traps. The burden may be somewhat lightened—since we are prone to forgetfulness as stones to fall downward—by using traps made of glass and leaving them in plain sight.

"In conclusion, I wish to remind you that the lower end of the main drain must be protected from the iniquity of the sewer or cesspool to which it runs by another trap, or dam, just below the open pipe that admits fresh air from outside the house (Fig. 5), and also, as I

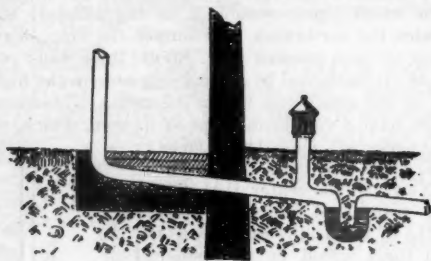


Fig 5.

have before remarked, that the system is wrong. The rising tide of civilization will some time wash it all away."

"Uncle Harry's notion of reform," said Jack, after the long letter had been read, "seems to be to blow the universe to pieces and then put it together again on a new and improved plan. It strikes me we had better fight it out on this line and try to straighten the evils we know something about rather than invent new ones. If we had begun on that track and tried to utilize the waste materials on strictly economical principles, perhaps by this time our methods and machinery would have been so far perfected that the real or imaginary evils of modern plumbing would not have existed. It seems a pity to throw away all we have accomplished and begin again."

"That is a part of the price paid for progress," said Jill. "Stage coaches are useless when steam appears, and locomotives must go to the junk shop when electricity is ready to be harnessed. But I'm afraid we cannot afford to be pioneers, and I'm sure the neighbors are not ready to co-operate. We must still 'go by water,' and the important question is where to send the lower end of the main drain. There is no sewer in the street, and a cesspool is an atrocity worthy of the darkest ages. The only safe thing appears to be the sub-surface irrigation plan, for which, fortunately, there is plenty of room on our lot. This comes very near to Uncle Harry's notion of 'earth to earth' in the quickest time possible. If we do it and accept the architect's suggestion in the plan of the house we shall be reasonably safe from that most mysterious of all modern foes—sewer gas."

"I've forgotten the architect's suggestions; in fact, I don't believe my head is quite equal to housebuilding with all the latest notions. When my house was built I just told the carpenter to get up something stylish and good, about like Judge Gainsboro's. He showed me the plans, I signed the contract, and that was the whole of it. I supposed a house was a house. Now, before the new house is begun, I'm like Dick Whittington in the days of his poverty—I've no peace by day or night."

"Poor fellow!"

"I shudder to think what it will be when the house is fairly under way. I can see five hundred different things at once, but when each one has five hundred sides and we get up into the hundred thousands, I begin to feel dizzy. Uncle Harry has settled the plumbing question to his own satisfaction, so far as first principles are concerned, but who will tell us what kind of pipes and trimmings and bowls and basins and traps and plugs and stops and pedals and pulls and cranks and pistons and plungers and hooks and staples and couplings and brakes and chains and pans and basins and tanks and floats and buoys and strainers and safes and bibbs and tuckers we are to adopt? If I should consume midnight oil during a full four years' course at a college for plumbers I should still find myself just upon the threshold of the temple of knowledge."

E. C. GARDNER.

A WORK has lately been completed by M. Civiale which is praised by the French Academy in the most enthusiastic terms. A description has been given in the *London Times*, which shows an almost fabulous amount of labor. M. Civiale "aimed at a complete description of the Alps on a new plan, involving large use of photography. A preliminary study satisfied him that the central mass of the Alps and the chains diverging into Germany, Austria and France might be divided into forty-one districts, such that, taking a central station in each, at sufficient height, one might obtain photographic panoramas of the whole. The plane of comparison—or ideal surface on which the author distributed his stations—is over 8000 feet in altitude; and in some cases he had to climb more than 10,000 feet, taking, of course, apparatus with him—a sufficient indication of the difficulty of the enterprise which, in ten years, M. Civiale has successfully carried out. It was often difficult to fix the instruments on account of the wind. The line of sight once rendered horizontal in all directions,

M. Civiale proceeded in each case to take photographs in fourteen different directions. These were afterward carefully joined. Such panoramas furnish at once the plane of mensuration, the relief and the picturesque aspect of the country. In another section of his work M. Civiale deals with details. He traversed the valleys and photographed natural geological sections, snow limits, landslips, *roches moutonnées*, glaciers with their crevasses and moraines, *cols*, and so on—all that is interesting to the geologist, the engineer and the tourist. Six hundred plates are devoted to these details, and the views given are pronounced remarkably good. In addition, M. Civiale gives much interesting information in his journal; he even rectifies the orthography of place names and furnishes some historical details; also a catalogue of altitudes, mostly determined by himself. It is suggested by the commission that, in future time, it may be possible, by superposing panoramic views taken from the same stations on those of M. Civiale, the amount and character of secular demolition may be estimated."



By ALBION W. TOURGÉE,

Author of "A Fool's Errand," "Figs and Thistles," "Bricks Without Straw," "John Eax," Etc.

CHAPTER IX.

HARGROVE'S QUARTER.

MERWYN HARGROVE was of a notable if not famous ancestry. His father, St. John Hargrove, was one of the most deserving officers of the infant navy of our young republic. His family was of the old colonial day, and their plantation, bordering on one of the sounds that indent the Southern coast, had long been noted for the hospitality and sturdiness of successive generations of the rugged English stock who had become possessors of many a square mile of alternate swamp and intervening level, long before the third George had trouble with his Occidental dependencies.

On the bank of a beautiful inland lake, and within bow-shot of one of those deep and narrow streams that lazily wind in and out among the gray-bearded trees that line its banks, and loiter about the arching roots of the surrounding cypresses as if they had forgotten which way they should run, stood the old family mansion. Twenty miles away, across a shallow bay, and beyond a low range of hills through which a narrow channel, known as Hargrove's Inlet, gave a dangerous passage in and out, the Atlantic showed a long, low line of lazily-bursting waves in fair weather, and in storm a mile in width of yeasty billows that left stretches of bare sand between pursuer and pursued, as they chased each other inward toward the line of shifting hills which the ocean's wrath had piled up to defeat its progress. The Sound—a river balked of its will and spreading itself up and down the coast for half a hundred miles in search of an outlet—was barely a mile away. The water of the lake and of the shallow wells dug here and there upon the plantation, was sweet, though not without a yellowish tinge and a flavor that spoke of the swamp and the cypress. The land was of astonishing fertility, a black, loamy sand, lying just above the water level, full of peaty fibre which burned like punk if it happened to take fire in the dry summer time, and told the story of its creation as plainly as if written with a pen. Out of the marshy shore the sea had built its own barriers. The sandy, undulating ridges had once been barren hills like those that stretched along the shore beyond. The reedy levels had been transformed to rich alluvial beds. The prisoned river had thrust itself between the ridges in search of an outlet. The tributary streams had followed the same windings. The swamp had come and fenced the waters from the land with its clinging growth. Then it

caught the sands with its rootlets; balked the winds with its yielding branches; crowded back the sea and staked off the channels of the rivers. With the water in the estuaries it fought a constant warfare until deep, dark channels only were left to them. What the sea threw up in scorn the earth received gladly and transformed into an impassable bulwark against the assault of her enemy.

Here, early in the history of our country, one Dobson Hargrove had fixed his habitation, which, after the fashion of that region, was thenceforth known as "Hargrove's Quarter"; none knew by what right, and he did not care. It was vaguely understood "sixty-nine miles wide from sea to sea" had been given to one of England's nobles under the broad seal of the realm, to hold forever, subject only to a yearly tribute of "twelve ears of Indian corn and twelve choice beaver skins for the royal robes." This principality unquestionably included the tract on which the original Hargrove first made settlement. But there were few at that time to report the trespass, and fewer still who cared whether the King's favorite or the King's yeoman enjoyed the soil. So, year after year, the occupancy of Hargrove extended. Despite its beauty and the fertility of the soil, the situation was not one to attract neighbors.

It was a minutely divided delta. Between swamps and channels and estuaries, where the balked tide rose and fell almost imperceptibly, lay arable levels of sand and peat which had once been the bottoms of lagoons. Here and there a little bank of crumbling, sand-mixed clay showed above the level—the foundation of some old-time bar, behind the shelter of which the waves had deposited the sandy tribute of ages. The cypress and the water oaks held the swamps and borders of the channels. The pines grew dense and close above the sandy reaches that lay between. Some scrubby oaks and dogwoods crowned the rare banks of clay. The channels were many and devious; the sandy reaches narrow. The corn was gathered with batteaux. Broad ditches joined the inlets and made the roadways of the Quarter.

The log house which Hargrove built commanded the little lake which was the key to the situation. The trough in which it lay had been burned out by fire, and the clayey filter through which its waters came kept them sweet and fresh. Year after year, the squatter "took in" more and more of the pine levels, and by implication extended his sway over the swamps and estuaries that intervened. A few cattle occupied an

enormous range. He waged war on the wild beasts that disputed his dominion, and the barriers he built against them, in time, were transformed into muniments of title which the lord of the manor himself could not overthrow. This sturdy English settler could not have helped being a fisherman and a hunter.

On the point which jutted into the sound, at the mouth of the narrow river that ran by the Quarter, had been an Indian fishing camp of much repute among the aborigines. Indeed, for almost a hundred years after the first Hargrove settled at the Quarter, they were wont to come, even from the mountains, two hundred miles to the westward, in the season when the shad and herring ran, to catch and dry their stores and market the winter's peltry. The woods were as full of game as the waters of fish, and the settler was too wise a man to waste his time in cultivating a soil that supplied nearly all his wants without labor. The little that he grew was for luxury rather than need. It was only when he became the owner of slaves that the hunter-fisherman was transformed into a planter.

Little by little the dug-out in which he had been wont to visit the settlements up the river and along the coast grew into a more pretentious craft. A clumsy shallop took its place, and this in turn gave way to a sloop not overly trim in her rig but whose lines displayed the skill of her northern builder, and whose performances, both on the doubtful waters of the sound and in the roughest seas outside the bar, soon made her master's name justly famous in the coastwise traffic of the day. Before the third generation had been gathered to their fathers "Hargrove's Quarter" had become a busy hive. The owner's sloop had grown to be a little fleet that plied back and forth between the West Indies and the settlements of all the Southern colonies—sometimes engaged in legitimate traffic but more frequently setting at defiance the laws of the realm. Then it was that they became not only navigators but cultivators, too. Slaves were cheap in the Indies, often indeed a drug in the market, and the shrewd Carolinian not only found his advantage in introducing the new laborers upon the mainland, but thereby also secured an abundant supply for himself. The Quarter became a barracoen which supplied the planters who dwelt along the river above. Overseers and drivers and an array of subordinates, who did his will ashore and afloat, gathered about the occupant of the Quarter, so that when the lord of the manor sent the king's officers to dispossess the intruder, to spoil his improvements and to tear down the house he was building of bricks brought from France by way of Martinique, they found a host ready to oppose them, and came away the worse for the affray they had provoked. The buccaneer planter was ready to hold by force what he had taken without leave. Then the powers that were became his enemies. For a time he even was an outlaw by formal proclamation of the judges of the assize, held far enough away to be safe from his reprisals—though it is reported that once, in a jolly mood, he found two of the king's judges crossing the sound, and compelled them and their attendants, the peripatetic barristers of that day, willy-nilly to come aboard his sloop, brought them to the Quarter, and kept them for a week's carouse, during which the rum of St. Croix flowed by the tierce and the wine of Madeira by the tun. At the end of that time, his sloop took them by night to the town where they should have entered an appearance a week before, and they were left asleep upon the porch of the Ordinary, to awake in the morning dazed with their long debauch, afraid and ashamed to confess their delinquency, and so unable to account for their absence. This very delay

was afterwards solemnly recounted as one of the grievances which the colonists averred that they had suffered at the hands of the king's servants. Tales of wrecks and spoils are told to this day of the owner of Hargrove's Quarter. It was believed that sometimes on the Spanish Main his vessels carried the black flag. A strange, rough company gathered around him. Half the population of two or three neighboring towns were really his retainers. Every squatter in the piney-woods was a spy in his pay and interest. No bailiff could come nigh by land or water without warning being given of his approach. When he went into the towns he had a following about him that forbade his arrest. "Hargrove of Hargrove's Quarter" would probably have been hanged at the yard-arm of some one of Her Majesty's men-of-war, had not the opportunity occurred for him to exchange the rôle of a buccaneer for that of the patriot.

That the Hargroves grew rich goes without saying. Every time that one of their staunch little coasters drove her smutty nose through the chopping waves of the tortuous inlet that made through sand-hills and surf just below the long, low cape that masked the entrance, and was warped to her hidden berth in the narrow river that flowed by the "Quarter," it brought new stores of wealth. They were not merchants, yet they bought and sold for half the planters round about. The rivers and the sounds were then the sole highways between these low-lying principalities. The dug-out and the bateau brought produce and took away merchandise to the "up-country." Even the sea was in league with them. If argosies foundered upon the coast, the best of all the waves cast up found its way to their storehouses. Strange stories are yet told in the cabins of the "sand-hillers" and "hog-hunters" in the piney-woods, of a horse that was trained to bear a lantern up and down the rolling dunes that formed the cape, when the storm drove to the northwestward, to lure passing ships upon the breakers. Perhaps men whispered it to each other at that time, but they said nothing about it to the master of Hargrove's Quarter. Some may have disapproved his methods but few hesitated to profit by them. If the wine he sold was rich and old they asked not how it came into his possession. If tea was cheaper on the inland river bank than in the harbor of Charleston they did not discuss the cause. If his rum and molasses were of the best quality they did not ask to see his invoices.

The Quarter grew populous, but it was all the property of the master. He built no docks; he invited neither partnership nor competition. The cypress-lined river still hid his craft, which rarely came or went by day, and only stayed to discharge and receive their cargoes. They belonged, nominally, to other ports. They traded between city and city. They were simple coasters beyond the bar. They ran in and out without making any entry in the log of the variation from the accustomed track. It was an easy thing. There were few to watch and few to go astray in those days. The wind's wings were the swiftest messengers then known upon the earth. Twenty miles to the westward, the highway from the South to the already more boisterous and adventurous North crossed the river, whose swollen surface made the sound. Couriers sometimes came express to Hargrove's Quarter by that route, taking boat at the town. Gentlemen left their carriages sometimes, and came in the same way to enjoy his hospitality. The little lake lay in the heart of a wondrously fertile plantation now. Road there was none leading into this checkered domain. The driver's horn mustered slaves

by the hundred when he wound it at daylight. There was hunting and fishing and lavish hospitality.

Yet, despite their power, the Hargroves were not on terms of familiarity with the planter aristocracy whose residences dotted the river banks above, though not one in twenty of them could show a tithe of his substance. After a while, there came a time when this fact galled the hereditary prince of the "Quarter." He determined to conquer his neighbors as his ancestors had conquered the obstacles that beset them. So his only son was educated to be a gentleman. He was sent to travel through New England. He made the voyage to Europe. The revenues of the Quarter were placed at his disposal. His lavish hand and cultivated manner obtained him entrance to homes and hearts. The semi-feudal aristocracy of Virginia received him. He became familiar with that strange group of democratic exclusives, whose burning eloquence held the Southern settlements to a movement utterly inconsistent with their development, but which grew as naturally out of the animating impulse of the Northern colonies as the flower comes from the bud. Away from his home, the young Hargrove was welcomed by the best and esteemed of all. At home he was only the heir of the Quarter—the son of old Nathaniel Hargrove, the hard-working, hard-drinking, hard-headed master of princely revenues, but of ill repute.

From his son the father caught the fever of the time. The thought that was working like yeast in the hearts of the colonists just suited his adventurous spirit. To defy power of any sort was to him a luxury. All at once he became a leader. When a meeting was held a hundred miles away to consider what the grievances of the people were, and what remedies ought to be adopted, he summoned his henchmen and appeared upon the day appointed at the head of a following so considerable that the officers who were commissioned to disperse the assembly counted it the part of prudence not to interfere.

When the Congress met in Philadelphia, one of his sloops was lying in the Delaware, and when the Declaration was signed, his son sent him word by sea and Jefferson sent couriers by land to announce the great event. From that hour Hargrove's Quarter lost its evil name. Patriotism sanctified both its surroundings and its antecedents. Interest and inclination ran hand in hand. Successful rebellion meant to the Hargroves security of title and undoubted position. The best families of the colony were nearly all rebels, many from motives hardly less questionable than his. They were all outlaws together, and he was most esteemed who could do most to promote the common unlawful end. The practical sagacity and boldness of the master of the Quarter made him a leader in their counsels. The son trod the quarter-deck of a letter of marque. The change was more apparent than real. What the rakish coaster was reputed to have done before the privateer now did openly. There were many adventures both by sea and land. The son was captured and confined in the prison-ship at New York. One privateer was cast upon the beach as she sought to make the inlet heavily laden with spoils. Tarleton burned the Quarter. The slaves died by the score of a strange sickness that broke out among them. Yet Nathaniel Hargrove never faltered. He gave as long as he had. Then he pledged his credit, which was almost unlimited. The new government's promises to pay were never dishonored by his non-acceptance. Robert Morris wrote him a letter of thanks for his sturdy co-operation with him in maintaining the sinking credit of the infant nation.

When the war ended he had great store of Continental currency, a good title to the lands he had held before by sufferance, a burden of debt, and unbounded faith. Patriotism had not paid so well as his old trade, but he was not discouraged. He began at once to rebuild the Quarter. He bought new ships and began to trade again with the Indies. His son had won fame and died in the prison-hulks. His grandson, though only a lad of fourteen, had been with Paul Jones on the *Bon Homme Richard* and shared his captain's glory. For a time it seemed as if he would rehabilitate his shaken fortunes. The new States were not swift to offer remedies to the creditors. Nathaniel Hargrove shirked nothing. He believed in the dingy paper piled up in boxes, and barrels even, in the rude cabin that served him for an office. When it finally became worthless by express repudiation, his hope failed and his heart broke. He died, leaving the Quarter to his grandson, greatly reduced in acreage and sadly encumbered with honest debt.

St. John Hargrove, when he thus became the heir of the shattered fortunes of his family, had just donned the uniform of the navy of the young republic. His pay was meagre, but the prospect of glory was bright. Already another war was imminent. He left the Quarter in charge of an agent to redeem itself. When he was thirty-five, he had seen service in every sea, risen to a captaincy, married a young wife in a Northern city, and sailed away to return no more. A year afterward, when the widow went South to take possession of her dower in the Quarter, she bore a son in her arms whom she had christened Merwyn, after his uncle who had died in the prison-ship during the war for liberty.

Chastine Elverson was a Quaker orphan of small estate and of a soft and tender beauty, when she left the Meeting to marry that son of Belial, St. John Hargrove, the red-handed officer of a man-of-war and reputed owner of vast estates and countless hosts of slaves in one of the Southern States. Perhaps her husband knew nothing of this magnifying of the Southron into a nabob, which has always been characteristic of the North, and which led her almost unconsciously to suppose herself the wife of a magnate rather than a poor officer whose fortune was his sword. Perhaps he hesitated to disturb her silly dream. At all events, he did not undeceive her. It is true he did tell her he had no living relatives; that the old plantation was terribly run down, and that he had not seen it in ten years. What he did not tell her was that he had pinched and saved all he could from his pay as a naval officer to discharge the interest on the mortgage that hung over it. So the young widow was greatly disappointed when she came to view the place her fancy had pictured as the seat of a luxury such as the bleak North could hardly match. The agent who had lived at the Quarter had done little else. The incumbrances that overhung the estate had grown greater rather than less. Her own little dowry and the modest pension allowed her would do little toward discharging the debts that rested on it, but to this task she addressed herself with the utmost devotion, for her son's sake. She had the shrewdness and self-reliance of her sect and people, and saw in the Quarter possibilities which its founder had not discovered.

Colonel Peter Eighmie, who owned a plantation a little up the river, heard of this Quixotic resolution of the fair young widow, and, after many sneers at her folly, concluded to go and give her his advice, or, as he phrased it, "send her back to her people, where she belonged." In pursuance of this resolution, he had himself conveyed to the Quarter, and found the lady he sought

supervising some repairs she was having made in order to render habitable for herself and immediate family a part of the unfinished mansion the old patriot had begun. The Colonel was past forty, long a widower and childless. The widow was twenty-four, and very fair. The Colonel's mission was one of pure charity. He had never seen his new neighbor, and only thought of her as a young woman who was going to do a foolish thing. It was not the claim of a vain, boasting plantation life to be called patriarchal. The man who for years had swayed the destinies and cared for the woes and ills of scores of human beings, became accustomed to looking after all his vicinage as a matter of course. It never occurred to this plantation king that there could be any impropriety in the step he was taking, nor did he dream that the foolish woman would for a moment think of rejecting his counsel. He went to scold her as he would a wayward daughter, and expected her to obey with equal readiness. Yet as he came briskly up from the old neglected landing, and saw her standing in the soft autumn sunshine directing the workmen with a quiet resolution in her young face, he was smitten with unconscious respect for the fair dunce he had come to reprove. He advanced, however, and addressed her courteously, introducing himself by name.

"Ah, then you are my neighbor, though you do live miles away? I am so glad, for it is getting to be lonely already, though the people on the plantation have been very kind," was her reply to his greeting.

"You do mean to live here, then?" The Colonel drew down his heavy brows and bent his deep gray eyes upon her, as though she had committed a deadly sin by thus presuming to contravene his will even before knowledge of its terror.

"Oh, yes," nervously; "I hope to get it habitable before spring."

"You've plenty of money, I suppose."

"Oh, dear, no. Just enough to fix up a little and furnish supplies for the next year."

"You've got niggers, and stock, and boats, and all that's needed for a plantation that hasn't fed its hands, or hardly more, in twenty years?"

"Bless me, no sir; but a friend in Philadelphia has agreed to advance me something on the crop, and I hope to get through somehow."

"Yes—yes," sentimentally. "So you will—somehow. Do you know, madame, that this plantation can't be made to bread the hands necessary to work it for the next five years?"

"Oh, you don't mean it!" she said starting and looking across the lake, incredulously, yet not without perturbation. "Surely, it cannot be true."

"Cannot, eh? Madame, will you please to make inquiries as to Colonel Eighmie's character for truth; and while you are at it, perhaps you may as well ask what he knows about running a plantation."

"Oh, I beg your pardon," she said quickly, sending her great brown eyes on a mission of mercy to his face. "I know already that you must be both honest and capable, or you could not be Colonel Eighmie of Mallowbanks."

"Thanks, madame," he answered gravely, bowing acknowledgment of her earnest compliment, "I believe I have earned the reputation you have heard. I am old enough to be your father, ma'am, and came here to advise you for your own good."

"I am sure, sir," she replied, "I shall be very glad

to have your advice in redeeming my son's inheritance."

"Meaning this old run-down plantation, I reckon?" sarcastically.

"Of course," quietly.

"How much is the mortgage?"

"About twenty thousand dollars, I believe."

"Well, let me tell you, madame, it will take twenty thousand more to make it sell for that money."

"Well?" she said quietly, as she looked away from his face across the little lake to the scraggy, half-grown-up fields, which years of neglect had spread where thrift and neatness once had been.

"Well?" he echoed in surprise. "Well? Are you going to undertake such a task?"

"I have twenty years to do it in," she answered absently, still looking across the lake as if she saw the changes she would make, and beheld her son entering upon his unincumbered heritage. "It will be twenty years before he will come of age, and a great deal can be done in that time, even little by little."

Her look grew fixed and hard as she spoke—more to herself than to her listener. The fair young cheek seemed to lose something of its bloom; her lips shut close, and her hands clasped each other tightly, as she thus consecrated her life to a harsh duty.

The Colonel looked at her in amazement. He read the fixed look of self-sacrifice upon her face, and removing his hat, he said in a voice full of respectful homage:

"Pardon me, madame, you are right and I was wrong. You will do it; and it is worth doing. Allow me to place my poor services at your disposal."

"Oh, thank you, sir," she said, brightly extending her hand in frank recognition of his sincerity. "Then please tell me what I ought to do first."

"By all means, change its name."

"Why? Hargrove's Quarter is"—

"A poor name to conjure with," he interrupted.

"But what difference does it make?"

"Your son's inheritance will be worth a great deal more if it has a good name. It takes time to change the style of a plantation, and in this country it is best done when a change of ownership occurs."

"You think I should mark my coming by giving the Quarter a new name."

"It will be of great aid in what you have undertaken. The power to name presupposes the power to hold and control. Your neighbors will esteem you all the more highly for it."

"I see; but what shall it be called?"

"The ancients were accustomed to give names descriptive of some incident attending their first sojourn."

She was silent a moment, looking up into his kind, strong face. Then she said:

"The first good thing the place has brought me is your friendship, sir. Might I call it 'Amity'?"

"You do me too much honor, madame," said the Colonel, bowing low, with a hint of a flush upon his face at this unexpected reply. He was unaccustomed to the directness which marked her Quaker breeding.

So the young heir was brought out from one of the cabins where he had been left in care of a nurse; the mother held him up; the Colonel steadied his little hand as it poured a wine-glassful of water on the soil, and with much quiet mirth the plantation was rechristened "Amity Lake."

And such it remains, even to this day.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

Can Five and Three make Two?

THE modern man ought to be deeply interested in an article published in the *North American Review* for August, and written by Mr. Charles W. Elliott. Ostensibly it is addressed to women, and is on the subject of their work and wages, but actually it concerns man, as it places the solution of the problem in his hands, and relieves woman of the perplexity of decision and the anxiety of self-support.

Mr. Elliott starts with the assumption that there are certain ancient and natural occupations for women. Among these are weaving, spinning, making clothes and cooking. Machinery, however, has totally destroyed most of these occupations, only cooking being left, and even this is in danger from the public baker on one side and the co-operative cooking stove on the other. This condition of affairs has driven the two hundred and fifty million unmarried women who, at present, cumber the earth and embarrass legislation, into unnatural and modern occupations. They dig and split wood, they carry bricks and mortar, and so become ugly, dirty and coarse, and as a consequence no one, not even their fellow-laborer, who possibly is also ugly, dirty and coarse, wishes to marry them. Another class goes to college. They study, they become learned, and are artists, doctors, editors, lecturers; and the result of this course is doubly disastrous because these women not only injure their own health and so become unfit to marry that robust creature, the modern man, but instead of adding to labor they divide it, and so lessen the man's income that even if he wished to marry he could not afford it.

Between the extremes of digging and painting pictures there is, however, a long list of occupations upon which men thrive, but none of these are suitable for the woman. If she sets type she gets a multitude of pains; if she telegraphs, her nervous system gives way under the energy and manipulative dexterity required. She must not work on the sewing-machine, nor count rattans at Wakefield. A king may sit in his parlor and count out his money, but the woman who tries to do it for him in the Treasury Department finds it requires "concentration, alertness, continual exercise." All this taxes her, the "monotony" wearies her, and she breaks down.

Mr. Elliott is quite right when he observes that what women are *not* to do is a vital question.

There is one point on which he is, however, justly emphatic. He dreads education for women. He says their "keen criticism of men is on the increase." He fears the "keen wits of women, sharpened by education, aggravated by her sense of implied inferiority and weakness and injustice, are tending to make her a disagreeable companion and an undesirable partner for life. Marriage," he adds, "is becoming more and more dangerous." Here he shows a prophetic soul and sees the divine order, as formulated by Mrs. Tulliver, is in danger, and the intention of Providence in matching men by the women may be overturned. Instead of her setting herself in melodious music to his words, she may be as a long-metre tune to a short-metre hymn. If she is educated there may be too many syllables of her.

So here is a serious state of affairs. In New York alone there are sixty thousand women engaged in the pernicious and unnatural occupation of earning their own living. It is probable that a large proportion of the two hundred and fifty million unmarried are employed in the same way, and no one knows how many of the married ones. What is to be done? Mr. Elliott's answer is terse

and to the point. He takes no note of the married worker, but he says to the two hundred and fifty million: Get married, "be a centre of social delights," and let your husband support you. This we hold is excellent advice to the woman, but the question is serious when it comes to the man.

It is granted that the woman has withdrawn from all paid occupations, and, as nature did not even mean her for a cook, this being proved by the fact that, while there has been a Mrs. Somerville and a George Eliot, there never has been a Mrs. Boyer; she has also resigned the stove, and so man's income is entirely intact; competition with a weaker sex at an end, and he has a sufficient income; yet, are there two hundred and fifty million unmarried men all ready to step into the breach? If so, where are they? They are not in our homes, nor our churches; our census does not recognize them, nor do they live in Massachusetts.

In olden times the superfluous daughter could be put into a convent; in China, as Mr. Elliott suggests, the difficulty is met by a wet rag applied to the mouth in early infancy. Neither of these methods are legally open to the modern man, and yet, unless Mr. Elliott is an insidious emissary from Utah, what else is left?

As we have said, the situation is easy and not without its advantages to the woman, especially if she does not like to earn her own living—but the question is serious for the man. If the women are to be married, it is plain he must take his choice between Brigham Young's course and that of Bluebeard, and yet neither is precisely the thing. In his perplexity he appeals to Mr. Elliott, without, it must be said, much hope of a satisfactory answer.

THE present number of OUR CONTINENT presents an attractive variety of material. "Hans Breitmann," in sending us the quaint article published in this number on "The Redemption of the Tin Can," quaintly says: "All over the country my feelings have been harrowed up by observing the awful waste of old tin cans. Beyond those which are utilized by being tied to dogs' tails, they are irrevocably lost." Readers who have suffered the like affliction, and no doubt the dogs too, will be grateful to Mr. Leland for his article. "Hot Plowshares" leads its readers still further into the political history of the time, and further develops the characters who lend life to its pages. Mr. J. T. Trowbridge and G. W. Bungay contribute poems, each in the vein which has gained popularity for their pens. "By-Paths in Tuscany" gives a hint of the undiscovered wealth of ancient Italy. A story by Laura D. Nichols, a paper on the sign language by Dr. Ferd. C. Valentine, with Mr. Gardner's delightful "House that Jill Built," completes the list of contributed articles, while the editorial pages are, as usual, full of comment and suggestion on passing events. The omission of "Dust" this week is due to the lack of manuscript, which for some reason has failed to reach us.

THE STILL HOUR.

To revive faith is more difficult than to create it.

We cannot eat the fruit while the tree is in blossom.

It is easier to criticise others than to be correct ourselves.

True wisdom teaches both how to seize opportunities and forego advantages.

The hatred of one's enemies is the golden opportunity of Christian charity.—J. L. R.

SORROWS are God's furrows in the heart where He sows the seeds of His grace.

A MAN's conscience should be quick like the eye to see, and like the eyelid to shut itself against an evil.

A SOCIAL order that makes place for reverence, conscience, self-sacrifice and love is signed with the sign of the cross. It is of the Kingdom of Heaven.—*T. K. Beecher.*

I AM content to leave my eternal future with my heavenly Father. I am not curious to know the mystic blessing of eternal life. I would not, if I could, comprehend the awful mystery of eternal death.

A FAITHFUL man will be content that the seats of eminence are reserved for those for whom they are prepared, and will find in his own deep and quiet contentment a reward more valuable than fame or gold.—*Lyman Abbott.*

THE grass withers and the flower fades, but beneath the brown spears and the dried stems the elemental forces, tireless and resistless in their potent activity, wait in readiness to build and weave the innumerable summers to be.—*J. L. R.*

WHAT is woman's work in the Church? She thinks, loves, gives, suffers, prays and persuades. She sustains the prayer-meeting. She fills the pews; without her, what a beggarly array of emptiness! She sustains the music. She sustains the Sunday-school. She sustains the pastor. If she wants a larger field let her move the fence; nobody on the other side can hinder. Some on-looking patriarch, under an ancient vine; some callow youth, who does not know the great world's width, may protest, but her growing work will not be disturbed.

J. L. RUSSELL.

BOOK NOTES.

THERE comes at periodical intervals from all the religious papers a simultaneous, and, one might also fancy, pre-arranged wall over the lack of interest in preaching and the gradual depletion of congregations. New methods for filling churches are suggested from song services up to skeletons of sermons, the use of which will result in a better and more attractive presentation than could have come from the unaided mind of the minister.

England seems to share in the same difficulty, if a little book by Professor Mahaffey, "The Decay of Modern Preaching," (Macmillan & Co.) may be considered an indication. He has discovered that the modern man is impatient of preaching, and having sought out the reason why, puts it in exceedingly telling form, more by way of stimulus to the preacher than of apology for the hearer. The apostles had the tremendous vantage ground of novelty, but the hearer of to-day has necessarily only repetitions familiar from childhood, and which have usually lost all power to hold the attention. The spread of education has made him also often the intellectual equal, at times the superior, of the preacher. A hundred years ago Sunday meant perhaps the sole mental food of the week, and the congregation received with an unquestioning faith the words which they believed came from one wiser and better than themselves. That day has passed, though remnants of it are found more fully in an English than in any American congregation. The Englishman likes uniformity, and declines, as a rule, to hear from the pulpit any discussion of popular questions. There, far more than here, the ministry is a refuge for the many too dull to make their way in other professions, and after a description of representatives of this class who have been under his own training the author adds: "If it is no wonder on the one hand that such men produce no effect and bring preaching into disrepute, on the other it is not the least surprising that the ministry should be regarded as suitable for a stupid man."

The want of general culture, of special training in matters of rhetoric and of a high ideal for personal life are all adduced as reasons for the decay of preaching as a power, and the author ends this plea for better men and better work with a sentence as applicable here as there: "To avoid artificiality, cant, mannerism, extravagance, tediousness, is given not to the ignorant amateur but to the best and most thorough artist," the moral being that no knowledge can be too great, no culture too broad for successful work in a more and more difficult field.

HAVING read Professor Mahaffey's arraignment of the modern preacher in England, one turns to the consideration of American methods, and is relieved to find how much higher the general standard has reached. We have clerical harlequins here and

there; we have also men who have missed their way and should be at plow or deak rather than in the pulpits they make dreary. But for the most part the ministry in America represents a higher and higher type of intellectual and of spiritual life, not in the old ascetic sense, but in the better one of manly living the life of the day that is. The volume just issued by Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York, of "Sermons," by Henry Ward Beecher, from 1873-'74, is an exponent of the best in religious thought. Twenty-six sermons from "Religion in Daily Life," to "Keeping the Faith," all with the ring of Christian manhood, the keen common sense, the tender sympathy and understanding that more and more characterize the spoken words of this representative American. There are the faults, not purely American, of diffuseness, occasionally slipshod construction, and a little recklessness of statement, but apart from this the volume may stand as the fruit of ripened thought and experience, and holding both help and inspiration.

IN Darwin's study of earth-worms the interest was chiefly in the methods of the student and the deductions drawn from long experiment. In the latest work of Sir John Lubbock, "Ants, Bees and Wasps," the forty-third volume in D. Appleton & Co.'s International Scientific Series, price \$2, there is the same interest, but added to it is the fact of an almost human personality attaching itself more especially to ants, which seem to the author only inferior in intelligence to man. In his introductory chapter he writes: "The anthropoid apes no doubt approach nearer to man in bodily structure than to any other animals; but when we consider the habits of ants, their social organization, their large communities and elaborate habitations, their roadways, their possession of domestic animals, and even in some cases of slaves, it must be admitted that they have a fair claim to rank next to man in the scale of intelligence." The observations recorded cover a period of ten years, and the wonder is not that it took so long but that, with all the multifarious duties, public and private, of Sir John, it could have been as speedily accomplished. The book is a contribution not only to comparative psychology but to comparative sociology also, and while having all the grace and finish of style which distinguish the author and insure the reading of everything from his pen, it is of greatest value also to the student of both these phases of scientific thought and research.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

WILKIE COLLINS' new novel has the rather peculiar title of "Heart and Science," and is a story of the present time.

THE *Burlington*, a London magazine of almost inconceivable dryness and dreariness, is to be altered and improved, in the hope that it may prove a formidable rival to *The Century*.

THE memoir of Ole Bull, written by his wife, is to contain several engravings from photographs which show the violinist's method of holding his instrument.

"ENGLISH MEN OF LETTERS" having had a series to themselves, a new one is promised on English Women of Letters, the editor of which will be Mr. John H. Ingram, the biographer of Poe.

ANOTHER phase of the International Copyright difficulties comes up in a suit brought by the English publishers of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" for the purpose of preventing American publishers from reproducing the articles written for the work by American writers.

THE summer success is evidently "A Reverend Idol," the demand being so great that the publishers can hardly keep pace with it. Miss Noble has already planned for other novels, and, sustained by unexpectedly cheering copyright returns, can afford to disregard criticism.

AT the sale of the effects of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, the MS. and sketch-book of William Blake, owned by him, brought the sum of \$525. Four unbound numbers of *The Germ*, the noted pre-Raphaelite magazine, were bought by a collector for \$30, while Mr. Swinburne's "Atalanta in Calydon," given by the author to Mr. Rossetti, was sold for \$155.

"COOPER," by Professor Lounsbury, will be the next volume in the "American Men of Letters" series. William Gilmore Sims is in the hands of Mr. G. W. Cable, Mr. Aldrich is upon N. P. Willis, and Colonel Higginson is dealing with Benjamin Franklin, though illness has seriously delayed his work. One of

the most notable numbers of the series will be Mr. Lowell's Nathaniel Hawthorne.

HOWELLS is the first author whose novels can be regarded as authoritative guide-books, but that they are so is proved by the fact that they have this summer been published in paper covers and for a low price, "A Chance Acquaintance" and "Their Wedding Journey" being in the hands of all young people going over the same ground, though this is by no means the first year of their use in this way.

MR. IGNATIUS DONNELLY, whose "Atlantis" went through five editions, has just finished a book, semi-scientific and semi-mystical, in which he seeks to prove that what are called the "drift-deposits" are not the result of ice-action, but of the contact of the earth with a comet. He argues also that man before the drift was civilized to a degree that his successors have never attained. "Ragnarok" is the title and the Harpers will be the publishers.

THE London *Academy* announces that the American reader prefers modern French fiction to any other, and adds: "Translations of the more celebrated works of French novelists are published in rapid succession, and apparently find a ready sale." This is only a fresh illustration of the English habit of taking for granted any affirmation made as to American characteristics, whether anything is known of them or not, the facts in this particular case being that Americans have a decided disrelish for translations of modern French fiction, as American publishers have found to their cost.

A PLEASANT glimpse of Longfellow comes from Bret Harte, who saw him twelve years ago, and who speaks of the poet's deep, soft baritone, which flowed on with "kindly criticism, gentle philosophy, picturesque illustration and anecdote. As I was the stranger, he half-earnestly, half-jestingly kept up the role of guide, philosopher and friend, and began an amiable review of the company we had just left. As it had comprised a few names, the greatest in American literature, science and philosophy, I was struck with that generous contemporaneous appreciation which distinguished this Round Table, of whom no knight was more courtly and loving than my companion. It should be added that there was a vein of gentle playfulness in his comment, which scarcely could be called humor, an unbending of attitude rather than a different phase of thought or turn of sentiment, a relaxation from his ordinary philosophic earnestness and truthfulness. Yet no one had a quieter appreciation of humor, and his wonderful skill as a *raconteur* and his opulence of memory justified the saying of his friends that no one ever heard him tell an old story or repeat a new one."

MIGMA.

SENATOR MORTON, of Indiana, is to be commemorated by a colossal statue, the work of Franklin Simmons, the sculptor.

MRS. LANGTRY will receive \$500 a night, with all the expenses of herself and maid, during her one hundred nights in America.

THE first Siamese Minister at the Court of St. James will be Prince Prisdang, who has been living for some time in England, and who has just received his credentials.

MR. LYON PLAYFAIR has received a letter from Mr. Gladstone commending in the warmest terms the former's conduct in the chair during the difficult time when the Crimes Bill was in committee.

THE English people, who still bewail the loss of Jumbo, are not comforted by the announcement from Mr. Barnum that the big pachyderm increases the receipts of his show by from \$2500 to \$4000 daily.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH, who has just returned from Europe, is reported as saying that he thinks the Irish business much worse than the Egyptian, and the present state of the House of Commons worse than either.

MR. SPURGEON, whose confidence in his own judgment does not lessen with years, announces that the history of philosophers is the history of fools, and that one Bible promise outweighs all the philosophical statements of all times.

MR. OSBORN, the United States Minister to the Argentine Republic, is the recipient of a very handsome token of its gratitude for the services rendered by him. It is presented by the city of

Buenos Ayres, and is a heavy shield of solid silver, the design of the ornamentation having been prepared for it by Gustave Doré, and representing peace and concord.

LOUISE MICHEL, the famous French Socialist, is unceasingly busy. At present she is organizing strikes in the South of France and lecturing three times a day from town to town, traveling hundreds of miles weekly, with no stoppage on Sundays either of speech or travel.

PRINCE BISMARCK is announced by the *Journal de Paris* to be devoting all his energy at present to plans for the overthrow of republicanism in France. On the contrary, he has labored ever since 1870 to promote and strengthen it, considering democratic rule as more quieting in its effects than monarchical, and more likely to keep down the adventurous spirit of the people.

A FRIEND of Henry James, Jr. gives currency to the statement that he has given the real ending of "The Portrait of a Lady." Reproached for its ambiguity, he seemed at first rather gratified, but on being urged to give the truth, replied, "Why, Isabel went back to Rome, and, without seeing her husband, went to the convent, where she had left Fanny Osmond, and became a nun." The many who have decided that she finally married Caspar Goodwood will hardly relish this solution of difficulties.

It is remarkable that a man whose genius and spirit are held to represent national characteristics and tendencies as perfectly to-day as in the past should have failed till now to receive one of the memorials which have sprung up in all directions to one and another prophet who shared the fate of prophets while alive. Such has been the case with Rabelais, who, though scholar, satirist, clergyman and physician, has remained unrecognized until within a few months. On July 3 a statue of him, by the Sculptor Robert, was unveiled at Chinan, in Touraine, where he was born, but not a solitary eminent representative of French literature or science was present, peasants, local dignitaries and a few army officers forming the assembly.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

EDITED BY HELEN CAMPBELL.

American Manners.

"Of course, they are the worst in the world. They must be, else we shouldn't have such a dreadful name. And I think myself, what with servants' impertinence and the way you get spoken to in stores, that there hasn't one word too much been said."

"The servants are foreigners."

"Oh, well, they don't begin it till they have been here a month or two and seen how we go on. And we're getting worse and worse, you know. Gentlemen used to get up for ladies in the horse-cars, and now they sit still; actually don't even look up. Then the children are perfect cubs and make life a burden if they come near you. There is only a very small circle in which you find delicate courtesy and real high breeding, and these people, of course, have lived abroad and found out where their deficiencies are. It is a positive luxury to feel and see the deference of a German bow. It has more flavor even than a French one. Imagine a bow from a loose-jointed Yankee! I don't suppose the average one would go through it to save himself from hanging."

"Then you have lived abroad, and so realized personally the superiority of foreign manners?"

There was a little sparkle in Mrs. Blossom's eye as she spoke in her gentle little way to the very elegant and bejeweled neighbor who found more satisfaction than she gave in her frequent calls. I listened with interest, for Mrs. Blossom, painfully mixed as she occasionally is on household questions, has very distinct and well-defined opinions. She hesitates a little, for her pretty, girlish shyness is not all gone; but, if a conviction is touched, there is instant response, and always one that rings true. She is popular in the neighborhood, and I find her parlor an excellent post of observation, and seldom go there without obtaining some new view of human nature, as well as some fresh light on the hostess' character. I listened now with interest, for Mrs. Montgomery Brown flushed a little and laughed uneasily as she answered:

"I? Why, no, I can't exactly say I have; only having my

cousins there so long, and hearing everything from them, you know; and then reading foreign journals, as Mr. Brown does so constantly, of course we get the tone of thought; and then, you know, our best novelists are all violently opposed to American tendencies and manners."

"I have had a little experience," said Mrs. Blossom quietly, as Mrs. Brown paused, quite out of breath with the piling up of authorities. "I was at school both in Paris and Berlin, a year at each, and then after a few months' travel we were in and near London nearly a year. I felt exactly as mother did when we came home—that there is not a country in the world where a woman is as honored or as safe as in the United States; and while I know we do inelegant things, we are not brutal or heartless or hopelessly stupid. The poorest American will go out of his way to do you a service, and would resent as an insult the offering of a fee that English or foreigner alike would be insulted if you did not offer."

"Well, perhaps that is so," Mrs. Brown said, uneasily. "What I mean is, that an American never pays any small attentions or courtesies."

"But indeed he does," Mrs. Blossom returned. "Here is a letter that came half an hour ago from Aunt Mary, who went alone to San Francisco from Boston, and says there was not a mile of the journey that she did not receive every necessary and a great many quite unnecessary attentions from gentlemen on the train whom she had never seen before, and will probably never see again."

"Of course, she was stylishly dressed, and that made a difference."

"She is a Quaker," said Mrs. Blossom, quietly. "She does not wear a scoop or dress in drab, but she is as plain and uncompromising as woman well can be."

"Of course you're bound to carry your point," returned Mrs. Brown, losing her temper a little and rising hastily.

"Not at all," said her hostess, rising also, with a gentle dignity so like her mother that I started. "It only seems to me that this fashion of running down everything American is a dangerous one, and that Europe really has a good deal to learn from us. I know our manners are a good deal in the rough, but the material they are made of is gold and not pinchbeck, and I believe that in time we shall be the best-mannered nation on earth, simply because we are already, so far as I can judge, the best-hearted and the truest-natured. At any rate, let us have faith."

"Good afternoon," said Mrs. Montgomery Brown, sweeping from the parlor with an icy nod toward my corner.

"I suppose she thinks I am a prig," said Mrs. Blossom, "but I don't care one bit, for really she has less good manners than anybody in the square."

A Little Company.

THE Household Column has advocated simplicity so strenuously that it has never been quite willing to give the elaborate menus usually included in such department. But as many demand and will have a greater number of courses, if not daily, then on state occasions, the editor, bearing in mind the delight of the housekeeper in the lovely china of the separate courses and the charm of a tastefully appointed "company dinner," yields the point, and will give, once a month hereafter, a menu elaborate enough to meet the demands of the most festive occasion.

MENU.

Tomato Purée.
Soft Shell Crabs Fried.
Sweetbreads with Béchamel Sauce.
Roast Lamb with Spinach.
New Potatoes. Young Beets.
Snipe with Parisian Potatoes.
Asparagus Salad.
Cheese Omelette.
Raspberry Pie. Lemon Water Ice.
Nuts. Raisins. Bon-bons.
Coffee.

TOMATO PURÉE.

One large can or twelve fresh tomatoes, one quart of boiling water, two small onions, a small carrot, half a small turnip, two or three sprigs of parsley or a stalk of celery; all cut fine and boiled together for one hour, first seasoning with one even tablespoonful of salt, one of white sugar and half a teaspoonful of pepper. As the water boils away renew it, that the quantity

may remain the same. Finally, cream a tablespoonful of butter with two heaping ones of flour, and add hot soup until it will pour easily. Pour into the soup; boil all together for five minutes; then strain through a sieve, serving with dice of fried bread, or with toasted crackers.

SOFT SHELL CRABS FRIED.

Throw into boiling water and cook for ten minutes. Drain them, dry them in a towel, and take out the spongy part known as "dead man." For a dozen, mix a teaspoonful of salt with half an one of pepper, and add it to two well-beaten eggs, thinned with one tablespoonful of hot water. Dredge the crab lightly with flour; dip in the egg and then in fine bread or cracker crumbs and fry brown in boiling lard, draining them before serving on brown paper.

SWEETBREADS WITH BÉCHAMEL SAUCE.

Pull off the skin and throw them into cold water, in which they must lie for ten minutes. Boil them for twenty minutes and place again in cold water, which makes them white and firm. Then cut each one in four pieces; dip them in fine crumbs; then in beaten egg; then in crumbs again and fry golden brown in boiling lard. Serve in the centre of a dish with a rim of sauce about them.

BÉCHAMEL SAUCE.

Two tablespoonfuls of butter, two of flour heaped, half an onion minced fine, two cups of white stock, one cup of milk or cream, a small blade of mace, one teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of pepper and a bay leaf or sprig of thyme. Boil the onion and seasoning twenty minutes in the stock; then strain. Put butter and flour in a clean saucepan and stir until smooth; add the strained stock slowly, stirring steadily, and last the cream. Boil one minute, and if there is sign of lump, strain again. It should be smooth as velvet.

ROAST LAMB.

As per rule in No. 16 of "OUR CONTINENT."

NEW POTATOES.

As per rule in No. 16.

YOUNG BEETS.

Do not peel, but boil one hour in salted water. Peel, slice, and for the ordinary vegetable dish allow a tablespoonful of butter and a very little pepper. Serve hot.

SNIPE WITH PARISIAN POTATOES.

Clean the birds, dip for a moment in water, and dry them. Cut very thin slices of salt pork, wrap one around each bird and fasten with a small skewer. Salt and pepper them lightly. Run a long skewer through the necks of as many as it will hold and put them in rows in a roasting-pan. Fifteen minutes in a hot oven is all the time required. Garnish with Parisian potatoes, which are simply round balls cut from the raw potato with a small instrument made for the purpose, and fried brown in boiling lard. Place the snipe in the centre of the dish and pile the potatoes around them.

ASPARAGUS SALAD.

Use simply the points of asparagus, boiled till tender, and served with a Mayonnaise dressing, prepared by rule in No. 9.

CHEESE OMELETTE.

Six eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately, one teaspoonful of salt, three tablespoonfuls of milk, two tablespoonfuls of grated cheese. Melt a tablespoonful of butter in a hot pan, pour in the omelette, passing a knife under it as soon as it begins to set, in order to let the butter run under, and shaking it to keep it free from the pan. When set and ready to fold, sprinkle on the cheese and serve at once on a hot platter.

RASPBERRY PIE.

Either puff paste or a plainer pie crust can be used. Line a deep plate, allowing one quart of raspberries to each pie, sweetened with one cup of sugar and sprinkled with one tablespoonful of flour. Cover with crust and bake half an hour.

LEMON WATER ICE.

Boil three pints of water and one quart of granulated sugar till reduced to three pints. When cold add the juice of seven lemons with the yellow rind of four and let it stand two hours. Strain it into the freezer, and when it begins to set stir in the whites of four eggs beaten to a stiff froth. It can then be put in a mould and packed in ice and salt till wanted, or simply turned out from the freezer.

COFFEE.

As per rule in No. 1.

REFERENCE CALENDAR.

[THIS COLUMN IS INTENDED AS A RECORD FOR REFERENCE, NOT AS A SUMMARY OF CURRENT NEWS.]

July 21.—Water famine imminent at Alexandria. Arabi Pasha officially announces the capture of several English ironclads and the sinking of several more; consequent firing of the native Egyptian heart.—Forty-seven persons drowned by a terrible storm in Bohemia.—The spinners of Fall River resume their strike for higher wages.—Fires: Brewery, planing mill and office building in New York; Standard Oil Works at Caron Point, N. J.; Cass Avenue planing mill, St. Louis; five business houses in Madison, Neb., and mills, stores and houses at Fairfield, Me.—Thirty thousand Pennsylvania iron workers remain on strike. Eight thousand have resumed work at the rates demanded.

July 22.—The English make an attempt to clear away the obstructions to the water supply of Alexandria, and have a skirmish with Arabi's forces.—Steamer *Pilgrim* launched at Roach's yard, Chester.—Sixty Russian refugees sent back to Liverpool from Philadelphia.—The courts decide against bicycles in the Central Park of New York.—Twenty victims of the toy pistol reported in Chicago.—Strike at rolling mills, Cleveland, Ohio, reported settled.—A woman fatally burned in New York from trying to light her fire with kerosene.—The Supreme Court of Indiana decides that a priest in the Roman Catholic Church is in effect the servant of the bishop, and may by him be dispossessed from church property without notice.

July 23.—The Khedive considers himself justified in formally dismissing Arabi from his service and proclaiming him a rebel. Difficult to find any one willing to serve notice of ejectment, as Arabi would be extremely likely to send him back without his head. Water supply falling in Alexandria. Arabi's cavalry raids through Ramleh, the Coney Island of Alexandria.—Indians on the war-path in the vicinity of Tucson, Arizona.

July 24.—British troops occupy Ramleh, after a few hours' skirmishing, with few hurt on either side. England impresses a number of Atlantic passenger steamers to serve as transports.—A self-confessed participant in the murder of Lord Cavendish arrested in Puerto Cabello, Venezuela.—Mr. George P. Marsh, American Minister to Italy, died at Vallambrosa.—Conference Committee in Congress agrees upon a Legislative, Judicial and Executive Appropriation Bill of \$28,038,000.—General Curtis admitted to bail by Chief Justice Waite.

July 25.—Queen Victoria calls out the Reserves, so as to be ready for whatever may happen in the East. Some 6000 native troops are ordered from India.—Italy, it is reported, will not aid the English and French in subduing Arabi.—Dervish Pasha is appointed to oversee the Turkish expedition to Egypt.—The deadly oil can does its work in Ashland, Pa.; young girl of nineteen dies in consequence.—Wise and Crockett, of Virginia, both surnamed John S., meet on the field of honor. Two shots exchanged. Nobody hurt. Crockett expresses himself as "satisfied." Cause, politics. The dueling pistol less fatal than the "toy" variety.

July 26.—British outposts at Alexandria attacked under cover of darkness. Egyptians repulsed without difficulty. German and English forces land at Port Said to protect the consulates. The French Chambers vote credit for naval purposes to the amount of 7,000,000 francs.—Turkey again doubtful about sending an expedition to Egypt.—Thieves make a regular attack on a farm-house near Reading, but are driven off by very creditable co-operation on the part of neighbors. Wounds on both sides.

July 27.—Garrison at Aboukir refuses to surrender.—Another great fire in Alexandria, probably incendiary.—Spain demands a hearing in re Suez Canal.—The ex-Guicowar of Baroda, a once powerful East Indian prince, is dead. He is the one who was tried for poisoning the English Governor.—Deaths from heat in New York, 194.—Rev. Dr. Patrick Feehan, of Chicago, nominated as the second American Cardinal.

Scientific.—A method of utilizing marine plants has just been devised in France, the plants used being several varieties of the Atlantic and Pacific algae. The product is a gum which can be used in many ways, but especially as a substitute for leather. The treatment, which is partly by chemicals, partly by

steam, is a long one, the result being a fine gum, which gelatinizes on cooling.—The photographer will probably be hereafter an essential feature of every horse race, the results obtained by Mr. Muybridge in his photographs of the horse in motion proving conclusively that there is no such thing as a "dead heat," and that photography can decide this when judges disagree entirely.—Pulverized meat is to be adopted as an army ration by the Belgian Government, experiment having proved that one pound of the prepared beef is equivalent in nutritive power to six pounds of fresh.—An astronomical observatory is to be founded in the town of Bamberg, Germany, as a memorial of the late Dr. Karl Remels, who left a sum of £20,000 for this purpose, as well as a 10-inch refractor and various other instruments.—The exact nature and constitution of lignine are under discussion, and experiments seem to indicate that what has gone under this name is really a mixture of several chemical entities. Herr Max Singer, of Vienna, has succeeded in extracting from woody tissue four distinct substances, using hot water as a means, but has not yet determined their exact composition.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

The Story of a Great Discovery.

THERE appeared not long since, in the Chicago Weekly *Inter-Ocean*, a remarkable article with the above title, occupying nearly five columns of that able journal. It describes very clearly and with great particularity the inception, development, and successful result of an effort by a thoroughly educated and intelligent American physician to discover an element, or combination of elements in nature which would, without a resort to drug medication, cure diseases through a restoration of weakened or exhausted nerve and life-forces to their normal condition. The scientific aspect of the discovery is so clearly explained in the article that both the learned and unlearned can see the basis of facts and legitimate deductions upon which to rest. Many of the practical results already obtained through the use of this new vitalizing substance, and in cases of the most desperate character, where all remedies had failed and the most skillful physicians found themselves at fault, are given in the article, and its high value as a health-restorer testified to by individuals well and honorably known throughout the country, who have in their own persons proved its wonderful healing power.

The paper referred to is written calmly, and presents the whole subject in a way to arrest attention and bring conviction to almost any one who can reason from known facts and natural laws, and weigh evidence with impartiality. In order to give the article a still wider circulation than it obtained through the source in which it first reached the public, it has been printed in a neat pamphlet and will be mailed by STANLEY & PALEN, 1109 Girard Street, Philadelphia, to any one who will drop them a letter or postal card.

Bound Volumes of the Continent.

WE shall be prepared in a short time to furnish bound copies of Vol. I. with a complete Index. All orders received will be put on file and filled in the order of their receipt. Back numbers can be returned by mail or express at the sender's cost. Those preferring to have their volumes bound themselves, can be furnished with finely stamped covers and a complete index at the rate given below. This volume will be of the size of the original publication, and will include twenty-one numbers.

Bound copies of the first volume of the CONTINENT will be furnished to subscribers for that volume, who return us complete sets of the numbers in good condition, at the actual cost of binding and packing, exclusive of carriage, to wit:

Silk cloth, elegant gilt stamp,	.60
Half roan,	.90
Half morocco,	\$1.20

To those not returning back numbers this volume will be furnished at the following rates:

Silk cloth, stamped cover, gilt,	\$2.25
Half roan,	2.55
Half morocco,	2.85

Cloth cases for binding, 40 cents, and 25 cents postage.

This makes a very elegant volume, containing contributions from the recognized leading writers of America, and illustrations by the foremost artists and engravers. We put it at this very low rate simply because the change of form makes it differ greatly from those which are to follow. This volume will be carefully packed and sent by express at the cost of the person ordering.

THIRTY annual catalogues have now been issued by Lasell Seminary for young women (Auburndale, Mass.). The number for the current year follows the prevailing rage for illustration and presents highly attractive views of buildings and interiors. This old-established seminary has now on its rolls 151 students, and its course of study embraces every branch of instruction from the higher mathematics and cooking to mental philosophy and dressmaking. The seminary offers advantages equal to those of any institution in the country, and its organization is such that the most careful supervision is maintained over its pupils. Auburndale is ten miles from Boston, where it is accessible by nearly a score of trains daily.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

Those Strong-minded Women.

THE PLAINT OF A WEAK-MINDED MAN.

THEY'RE crowding us and pushing us
Entirely out of sight.
Invading all our offices,
And putting us to flight.
They'll soon refuse to cook for us
A simple marrow-bone,
And when we humbly ask for bread
Will offer us a Stone.

They talk too much, for women—like
Young children—should be seen,
Not heard. One-half the time
They know not what they mean
Themselves. Indeed, their rightful sphere
Is not a public one.
The mantle of a Dickens did
Not fall on Dickinson.

So erudite, they soon will not
Their mother-tongue avow,
But absolutely talk in Greek,
And Heaven alone knows Howe.
Such harping, too, upon their rights—
A never-ending tune.
'Tis irony when poets sing
The praise of gentle June.

They flatter, court, and marry us
Poor, unsuspecting men,
And then abuse us shamefully
With rampant tongue and pen.
They wall their woes in costliest clothes,
With gems and lace bedight.
Alas, the modern Anthony
Is not an anchorite!

And striving e'en for rivalry
With old Hippocrates,
When woman's only aim should be
Her loving lord to please.
A broom, and not the pestle, will
The wiser man allure—
A melancholy case, indeed,
When Blackwell works the cure.

C. H. THAYER, in *The Judge*.

The Burlington Hawkeye thus discourses in a "lay sermon" preached for the benefit of those who are perpetually contrasting the present unfavorably with the past:

"Dearly beloved, so there are men in Burlington this very Sabbath morning who sigh for 'the good old times' when our times surpass those of Solomon more than his days surpassed the years of Egyptian bondage. You can buy a box of matches to-day for five cents, while Solomon's throne of ivory and gold couldn't have bought one match. The Queen of Sheba thought Solomon's wisdom and greatness were beyond comprehension; what would she say could she only have beheld a yard engine of the Burlington and Northwestern narrow gauge? The weight of gold that came to Solomon in one year was six hundred three score and six talents of gold, but with all of it he couldn't buy a common hard coal base-burner. He had fourteen chariots and twelve thousand horsemen, but he couldn't telegraph to Hiram that he wanted a cedar raft as soon as it could be shipped, and he couldn't even give his messenger a horse that could trot in 2.30. There wasn't a newspaper nor a printing press in his kingdom, so he didn't know what it was to write 'dimes' and see it printed 'dinners.' There are conveniences to-day in the county almshouse that Solomon had to go without. We can buy a watch for twenty dollars—yes, for five dollars—that he couldn't have bought with his kingdom. We haven't so many wives as he had, but we have better children, much better, indeed, for while Solomon had the theory of training children all right, he never put it into practice in his own family.

Burglars have discovered that by the judicious use of a luminous match-safe on the end of a stick they can draw the fire of the watchman or of the male head of the family until ammunition is exhausted and then quietly assume command of the situation. If, however, the lady of the house is at the other



PUBLIC CONVENIENCES—HOW TO MAKE THEM PAY.

Courteous Apothecary—"Anything except the Directory, this morning, sir?"

end of the revolver the burglar simply stands still and holds his lantern in front of him.

St. Luke.—Many years ago in the mountains of what is now West Virginia I approached a hardy son of toll and offered to sell him a copy of a work published by the Presbyterian Board of Publication, Philadelphia, on which appeared a rising sun and the expression "St. Lux."

Said the gentleman aforesaid, "I've got that book already."

"I reckon not."

"But I have; 'cause St. Luke is in the Bible, and there's no use in trying to sell me another."

A daily paper has been started in China. As soon as coal oil and American mowing machines were introduced into that country accidents accumulated so rapidly that a daily newspaper was necessary to keep up with them.—*Norristown Herald*.

Frank James is said to have moved into Kansas and gone into the lightning-rod business. Thus ends all talk that he had decided to reform and live an honest life.—*Detroit Free Press*.

A poet asks: "Why is the nightingale's song so sad?" Perhaps it is because the nightingale has to get up so early in the morning.—*Scottish American*.

It is a glorious triumph for the American navy that it has a vessel off Alexandria capable of keeping out of the way of the bombardment.—*Chicago Times*.